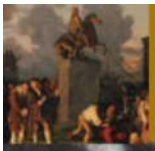
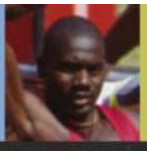


Loyalist Refugees

Last Spike's Mystery Boy



Tarnished Gold

The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

August | September 2008

10 PHOTOS THAT CHANGED CANADA

Some filled us with pride, others brought us to tears. These are the images that shaped our nation.

Terry Fox
July 13, 1980.

+ Cruising Coastal Quebec • Sam Steele's Birthday Mix-up • Painting David Thompson

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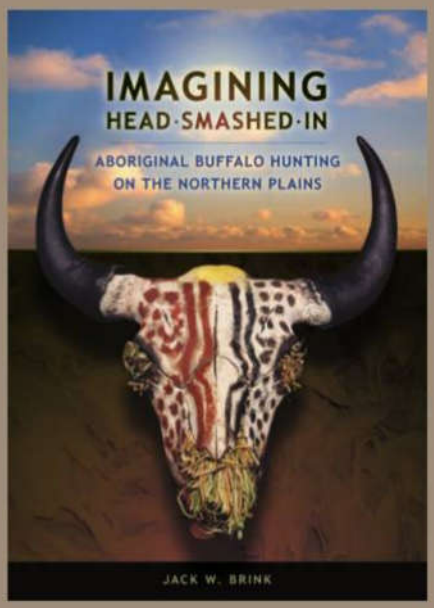

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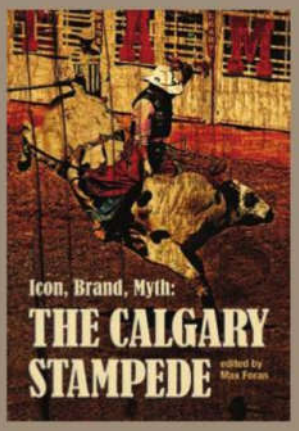

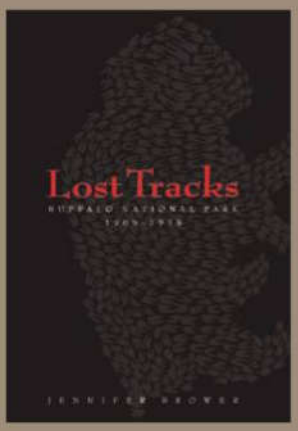

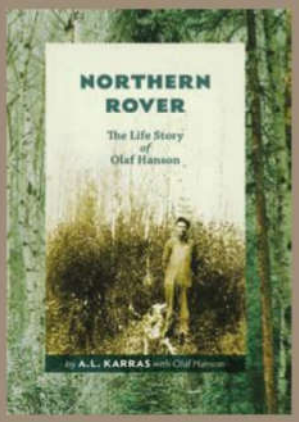

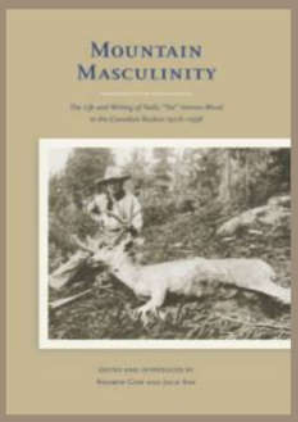

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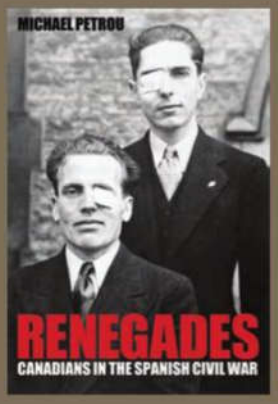

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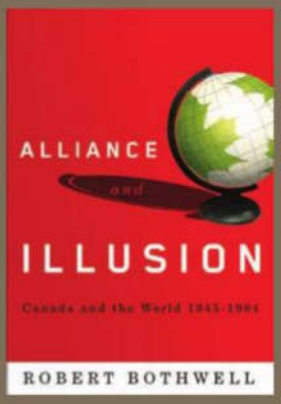

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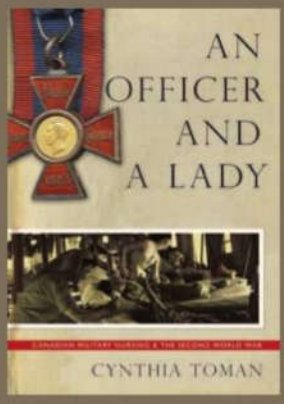

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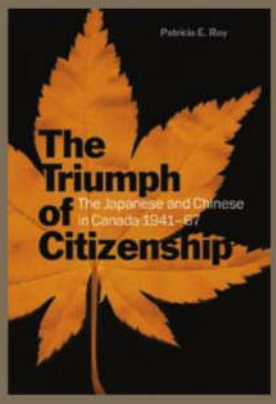

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Canada

Behind the lens

It was my first photo assignment as an intern reporter. The scanner crackled the news: a collision near the town's busiest intersection, a pedestrian down … injuries unknown. I grabbed my battered Pentax K-1000 and rushed for the door.

Even now it remains a blur: the ambulance lights flashing; a woman on the ground, groaning; the driver of the car dazed, being questioned by police.

I couldn't afford the big telephoto lenses that the pros used, so I had to move in close to get my shot for the next day's paper. Pure mechanics took over: frame the photo, focus, press the shutter release, repeat. The woman, still conscious, stared into my lens. I kept on shooting.

Suddenly, it was over. As the ambulance sped away, I hurried to get my film processed. Did I feel anything at the time? Certainly, there was excitement and a sense of urgency. Empathy, though? I'm afraid to admit it, but no, I don't think so — there wasn't any time.

THOMAS PRICE

I have long admired photojournalists; admired, but not envied them, for theirs is a lonely occupation. While most of us participate in life, they are compelled to be outsiders. They exist on the fringes, viewing life through lenses that provide both sharp focus and cold distance.

In this issue, we present a special feature titled "10 Photos that Changed Canada." As I read through the articles, one line in particular stayed with me. It's from Chris Webb's story, "Henderson's Goal" — the tale of Frank Lennon's iconic photo, taken moments after Team Canada scored the winning goal in the 1972 Summit Series against the Soviet Union.

The game was in its dying seconds. Lennon stood silently near the Russian goal amid thousands of frantic fans. When Paul Henderson banged home his own rebound, the Canadians in the crowd erupted with euphoria — but not Lennon. As Webb recounts: "Lennon desperately wanted to join in the cheering but stayed perfectly still shooting the celebration." If I'd been there, I would likely have whooped as loudly as the rest. Then again, that's why I'm not a great photographer.

To be a great photographer requires sacrifice. Consider Claude Detloff, the *Vancouver Daily Province* shooter who took the photo at the heart of Phil Koch's article, "Wait for me, Daddy." To me, the image of the little boy chasing after his father as daddy marches off to war is gut-wrenching. I wonder: Did Detloff wish, even momentarily, that he could toss aside his camera and instead console the boy?

He didn't — and for that, we are all lucky.

Great photographers must view the world dispassionately in order to fill their photos with passion. Their cameras and press cards gain them entry into an exclusive world many of us will never know — a world where prime ministers pirouette behind queens and political campaigns are lost with the simple slip of a football.

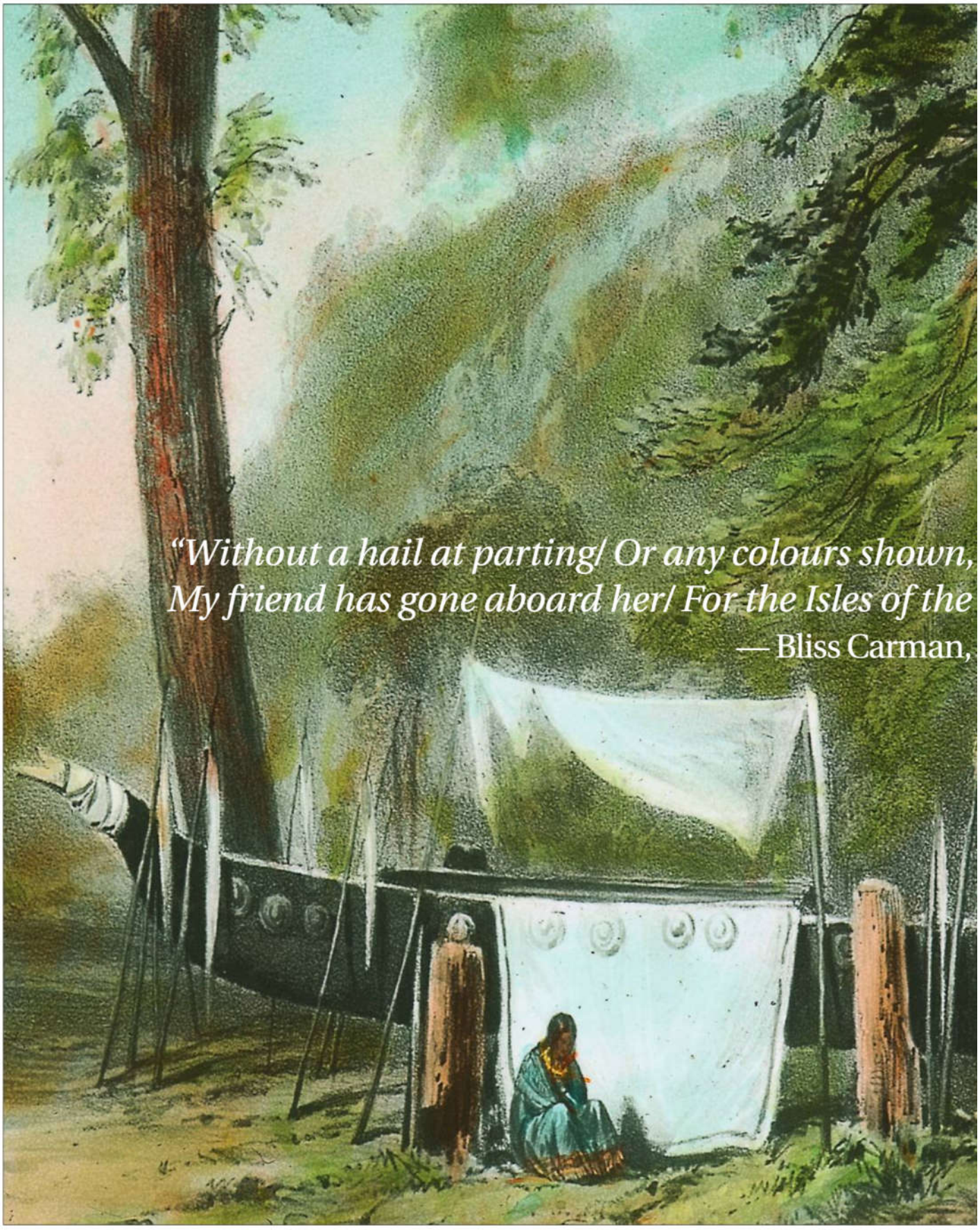
Yet, while photographers are parties to this world, they are never truly part of it.

In this issue, we feature 10 photos, but there are many more we could have included. As you leaf through the pages, take time to reflect on the photographers who sacrificed a bit of themselves to capture Canada's iconic images. We're fortunate that some among us choose to live this difficult life.

Mark Reid

Mark Reid, Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

COVER: TERRY FOX, BY PETER MARTIN



"Without a hail at parting/ Or any colours shown,
My friend has gone aboard her/ For the Isles of the
— Bliss Carman,

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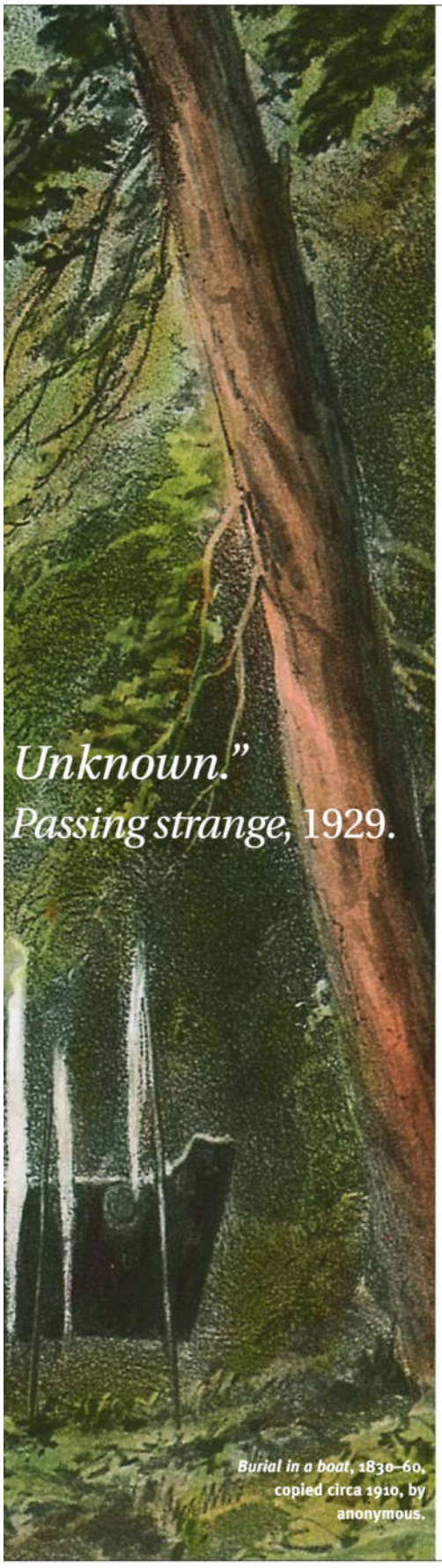

Burial in a boat, 1830–60, copied circa 1910, by anonymous.

The Beaver

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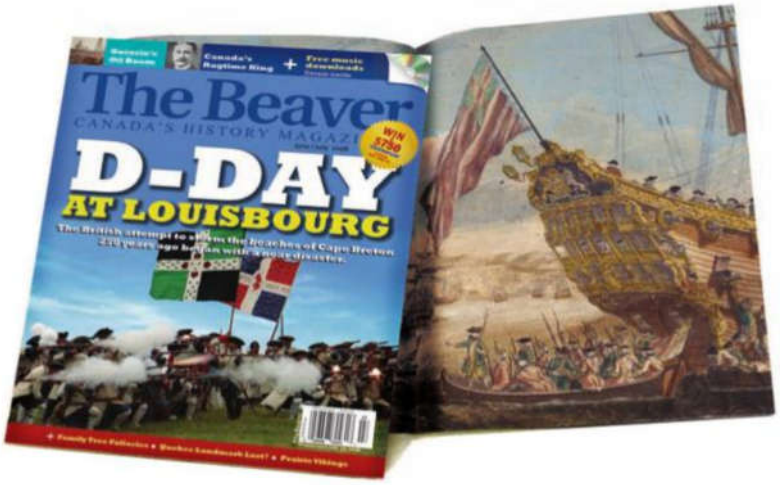

Debating Dieppe

The *Beaver* article on the assault from the sea and the capture of Louisburg ["D-Day at Louisbourg," June/July 2008] brings up on one of my favourite questions. Why is there widespread denial regarding the Dieppe raid [of 1942]?

Last year, there was a pilgrimage to Dieppe in honour of those who fell at that fateful enterprise. The interesting thing was that no one — not the veterans, not the Royal Canadian Legion, not the politicians concerned, not the press — uttered the word "blunder." And yet, [the Dieppe raid] surely was a blunder.

According to my *Shorter Oxford* the word "marine," meaning a seaborne soldier, came into the English language in 1690. Thus, the British military had 252 years to learn the essential elements of a successful seaborne landing against a fortified position, but apparently ignored the lessons of past experiences [at Dieppe].

Why, then, is it impossible to call a blunder a blunder? The idea that it fails to honour the sacrifice of the dead and the captured doesn't make sense. The only explanation that makes sense is that our culture contains a tradition of blood sacrifice. Any other suggestions?

KEN MORRISON
THUNDER BAY, ONTARIO

Cheers for Carnegie

I read the article on the Carnegie Libraries ["Dubious Donations," April/May 2008] with much delight and interest. The University of Toronto Bookstore is now located in the original Central Reference Library built with the largest Carnegie donation in Canada.

The Great Hall Bookroom, which we advertise in *The Beaver*, was once a reading room and is truly a magnificent room. I urge all readers to visit, to take in the architectural delights in which we are fortunate to be housed.

SANDY DAY
SENIOR MARKETING & MERCHANDISING MANAGER
U OF T BOOKSTORES
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Grateful for library

I was extremely interested in the story about Canada's Carnegie libraries, particularly as the library in Hamilton was mentioned.

Hamilton's Carnegie Library was a fine building, constructed on the south side of Main Street West, across the street and west of the original library, which had been opened in 1890. The new, larger Carnegie library was officially opened by the Lieutenant Governor [and Hamiltonian] Sir John Morison Gibson on May 5, 1913.

In my capacity of newspaper writer, researcher, and historian, I have spent many happy hours in that building and was always grateful to Andrew Carnegie for his generosity. Being somewhat of a traditionalist, I found it had an ideal atmosphere for study.

I was excited, of course, when Hamilton City Council began to plan for a larger central library in Lloyd D. Jackson Square, which was opened in October 1980 by the Duke of Edinburgh. I was, however, extremely dubious about the conversion of the old Carnegie Library into a courthouse.

I have always thought that it should have been retained as part of the library system, especially since Andrew Carnegie had made his donation for that purpose.

STEPHEN J. BEECROFT
ELLIOT LAKE, ONTARIO

Making memories

I was given a subscription to *The Beaver* as a gift from a very good friend.

The first *Beaver* I received was the Quebec 400th anniversary edition. I was so interested in the excavation of Champlain's village ["Where Canada began," February/March 2008] and the articles on the battle of Quebec ["The Fight for Quebec," February/March 2008], that we took our grandchildren (ages eleven and twelve) on the ten-hour drive to Quebec City to see it for ourselves.

We have just returned with lots of great memories and pictures that will help preserve this history in our family for years to come. I'm sure that a glimpse of this "living history" will go a long way to making history in the classroom a lot more interesting. Quebec City has done an amazing job of preserving their history and culture. The visit was truly worth the drive.

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine. Keep up the good work.

DAVE BRADLEY
PINKERTON, ONTARIO

Disastrous coincidence

For several years, I have been collecting written material about the Halifax Explosion featured in "On the Frontlines of Disaster" [December 2007/January 2008] since it has both a bizarre and significant niche in my life.

In December 1917, my father, Robert Pritchard, credit manager of the Office

Specialty Manufacturing Company in Newmarket, Ontario, had been visiting the company's branches across Canada. He was scheduled to be in Halifax that year on December 6. The branch office was located centrally in the city. For a reason I do not know, his plans were changed.

Had he been there, he would probably have died — and then where would I be? It is one of the great tragedies in our country's history, and too few have been aware of it. But thanks to you, many more now are.

BARBARA PRITCHARD FEAR
AMHERSTVIEW, ONTARIO

Cultural safeguards

I would like to correct some misunderstandings that may arise from a story that appeared in the April/May 2008 issue of *The Beaver* concerning the Government of Canada's policy on the export of heritage material ["Saving the Empress's Treasures"].

Canada's approach seeks to balance the rights of the individuals who own cultural property and the public interest in ensuring that significant heritage is safeguarded for the benefit of all Canadians.

A number of measures are in place to preserve objects that are meaningful to Canada's heritage and to help make them accessible in public institutions. Through the *Cultural Property Export and Import Act*, Canada regulates the export and import of cultural property.

The Act also provides special tax incentives to encourage Canadians to donate or sell objects of national importance or significance to designated Canadian institutions and makes grants available to help these institutions buy heritage objects.

Canada also has entered into international agreements to fight the illicit trafficking of cultural property.

An export delay period of up to six months can be imposed so that interested public institutions have a chance to purchase objects of outstanding importance. Designated public institutions in Canada ... can apply for a grant from the Department of Canadian Heritage to help cover part of the purchase price.

In the case of objects recovered from the *Empress of Ireland*, over the past eight years the Canadian Cultural Property Export Review Board has, on three occasions, imposed export delays in relation to some or all of the Empress collection owned by Mr. Beaudry. Each time, the department notified institutions across the country of the availability of the material and of the possibility of a grant to assist in purchasing it. As an owner of cultural property, Mr. Beaudry has complied with the law.

To date, a Canadian institution has not purchased the collection and he is free to dispose of these objects as he wishes.

JOSÉE VERNER
MINISTER OF CANADIAN HERITAGE, OFFICIAL LANGUAGES AND STATUS OF WOMEN

Writer praised

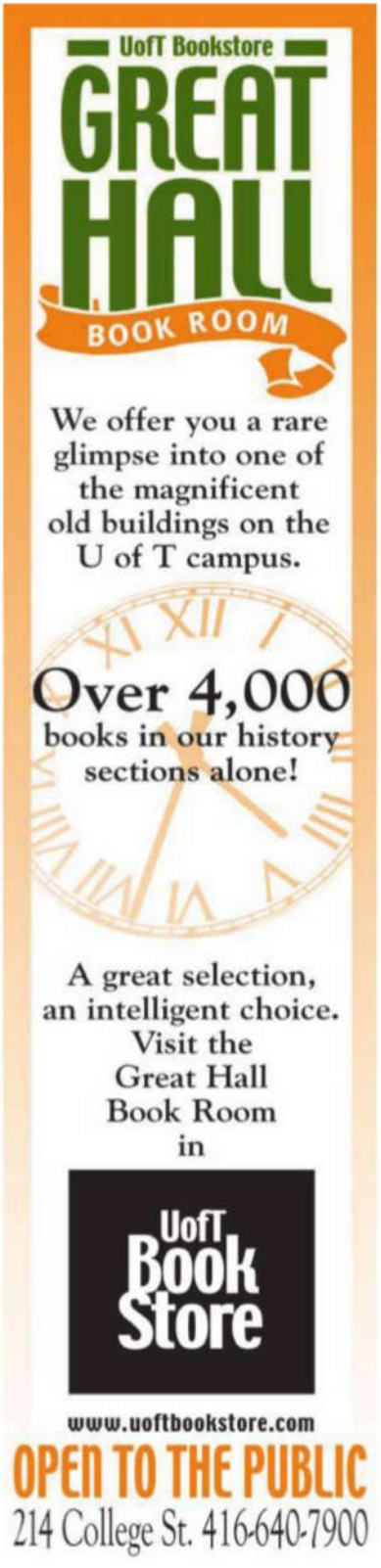
Let me congratulate you on the article "Ontario's Living Dinosaur" in the June/July 2008 *Beaver*. We in the Lambton, Ontario, area always appreciate having this almost-forgotten piece of Canadian history being written about.

However, in the "Et Cetera" on page 39, please note that "Canada West's Last Frontier: A History Of Lambton" was written by *Jean* Turnbull Elford, not a John Turnbull Elford. Mrs. Elford is our neighbour. She is now 96, still living in her own home, and sharper than any tack around today!

MAC MACDONALD
SARNIA, ONTARIO

[Editor's note: *The editorial team regrets the mix-up, and wishes Jean Elford many more years of writing!*]

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.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CANADA'S VICTORIA CROSS

After fifteen years of planning, Canada's own Victoria Cross medal was unveiled at a special ceremony at Rideau Hall on May 16. The original Victoria Cross was first cast in 1856 to recognize the highest acts of valour, self-sacrifice, or extreme devotion to duty in the presence of the enemy. It was the first medal of honour that could be conferred on both officers and enlisted men, and as of 1902 could also be granted posthumously.

Ninety-four Canadians have been awarded the Victoria Cross since it was created, thirteen of whom were Canadian-born but serving in the British military. Lieutenant Robert Hampton Gray of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve was the last Canadian to be awarded the medal, in August 1945. Private Ernest "Smokey" Smith of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada was the last living VC recipient until his death in August 2005.

DAVID ASHE NATURAL RESOURCES CANADA

The Canadianization of the military honours system became necessary in 1972 when British military and civilian gallantry awards were no longer available to Canadians.

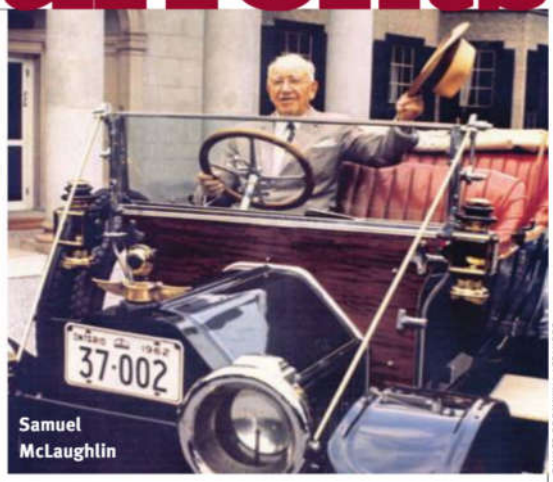
Those involved in creating our highest military honour sought to strike the right balance between honouring the history of the award and creating a distinctly Canadian tribute. For instance, the alloy used to cast the Canadian Victoria Cross was created from a combination of the original Victoria Cross gunmetal dating back to the Crimean War, a slice of which was donated to Canada by the U.K. It also contains copper used to produce the 1867 Confederation Medal; and metals from every region of Canada.

The medal itself is almost identical in appearance to the original, but uses the Latin "Pro Valore" instead of the English "For Valour" in the inscription. Fleurs-de-lys were added to the insignia's scroll, and the medal is suspended from a crimson ribbon.

Due to the intricacies of the design and of the casting process, fewer than one in eight of the medals are able to pass inspection for flaws and deficiencies. The first successful casting of the new medal was in 2007. Only twenty are currently in existence.

Any member of the Canadian military or an allied armed force serving with the Canadian Forces on or after January 1993 is eligible for the award.

— Deborah Morrison



Samuel McLaughlin

COURTESY PARKWOOD ESTATE

Betting on a horseless future

Buick celebrates a Canadian centennial this year. Back in 1908, Samuel McLaughlin watched with satisfaction as his newly built McLaughlin Buicks rolled out of his Oshawa, Ontario, factory.

He was well on his way to becoming Canada's leading auto baron, eventually founding General Motors of Canada. This son of a prosperous carriage maker had gambled on the new horseless carriage — and won.

Unable to convince his father that motor cars were the next big thing, the young McLaughlin stole away to the U.S. during a vacation in 1905 to see if he could swing a deal. He met William Durant, who had just bought the Buick Company. They finally negotiated an agreement by which McLaughlin would build Buick cars in Canada based on the Buick Model F, with engines and other mechanical parts imported from Michigan.

Known as "Colonel Sam" for his service as an honorary colonel in the Canadian Forces, McLaughlin became very rich. He also became very generous as a philanthropist, establishing the McLaughlin Foundation in 1951.

The McLaughlin family mansion, Parkwood Estate, was designated a National Historic Site in 1989. A number of events are being held at Parkwood this year to commemorate the auto baron's legacy. Visit www.parkwoodestate.com.

TAKE THE DAY OFF

August 11

To mark British Parliament's passing in 1803 of the Canada Jurisdiction Act to regulate the often violent conflicts between the HBC and NWC. Hold your fire.

Currents

Our home & native ...

Chocolate Nut Bar

COURTESY GANONG CHOCOLATES

As Plato said, "necessity is the mother of invention." And what could be more necessary — and satisfying — on a fishing outing than a chocolate bar?

Gilbert and James Ganong started the Ganong Brothers Ltd. candy factory in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, in 1873.

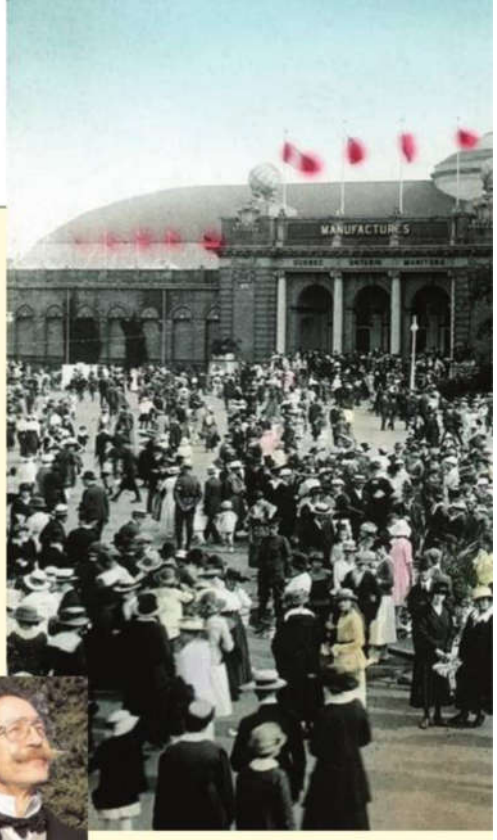
The story goes that James' son Arthur Ganong and his friend George Ensor, a Ganong candy maker, wanted a way to take chocolates with them on their fishing trips without the "sticky fingers and pockets mess." In 1910, they concocted a mixture of yellow fudge and coconut, which was covered with Ganong's best chocolate and peanuts.

Little did they realize that this tasty indulgence, which was humbly wrapped in Cellophane and bore a five-cent price tag, would become so popular. The Five-Cent Chocolate Nut Bar became a convenient treat, not only for fisherman but also for soldiers at the front during the First World War. In 1920 it was repackaged and named Pal-o-Mine, a name that was thought to imply loyalty and faithfulness.

Although American candy maker Milton S. Hershey produced a chocolate bar around the same time, it was a Canadian manufacturer that produced the first chocolate nut bar confection. This comfort food endures today. **— Beverley Tallon**

Living History

Projecting national dreams



Michael Lawlor was already a photographer and printmaker when he was shown a suitcase full of hand-coloured magic lantern slides in a small Montreal antique store. The images were of scenes from around the world and were accompanied by a typewritten lecture about a trip across Canada.

Michael Lawlor

Lawlor, who lives in Vancouver, was immediately intrigued by the find, but it was not until some time later, in 1992, that he was able to purchase the collection. "I knew I had a beautiful, and maybe important, historical document, but it took me a few years of work to realize just what it is," he says.

The notes, it turned out, were by American Surrick Lincoln, a professional lecturer who had composed a talk to accompany the projection of purportedly Canadian scenes. (Several

Lower Town, Quebec City, circa 1900.

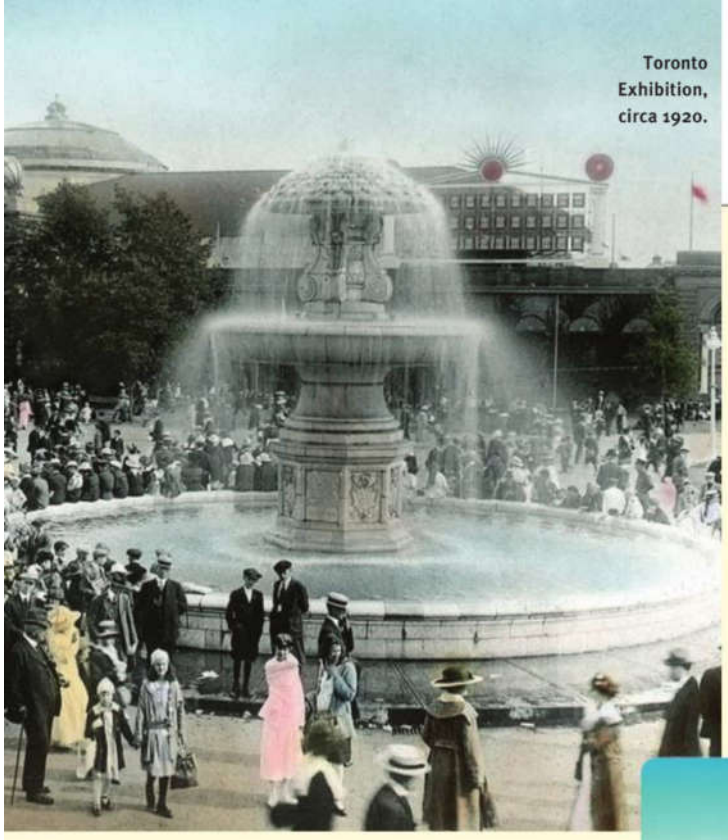
COURTESY MICHAEL LAWLOR

August 19

To note the day in 1794 that Captain George Vancouver completed his survey of the Pacific Coast, proving that an inland passage did not exist. Buy railway stocks.

August 28

To celebrate the world's first Wild West Show performed in Niagara Falls, Ontario, by James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickock on this date in 1872. Kick up your spurs.



Toronto Exhibition, circa 1920.

turned out to have been inaccurately attributed, whether by error or for convenience's sake.)

Lincoln was far from alone in this field. During the nineteenth century, even before photographic images could be stabilized, magic lantern projections were a popular form of entertainment as well as a colourful means of disseminating information. Hand-drawn, painted, or printed images were produced on glass or translucent paper. Later, black-and-white photos were tinted with paints and dyes.

Afternoon matinees and evening shows featured subjects ranging from religion and politics to fairy tales, geography, and natural phenomena. "Basically, it was no different that what is shown today on television," Lawlor notes.

Starting in the 1890s, the Canadian Pacific Railway used magic lantern shows to promote immigration and tourism in Canada. Scenes of stunning natural beauty were used to lure customers to hotels, while other slides portraying the country's natural bounty aimed at bringing settlers who would become dependent upon the railway.

"Many pictures show large farming properties stretching for miles," Lawlor says. "Prairie winter scenes were never included."

After a decade of restoration work and careful research, Lawlor finally accepted that collecting magic lantern slides had become his primary vocation. "I have come to realize you have to be careful when making purchases in a junk/antique store."

Many of the slides have been badly damaged, so Lawlor spends as much as thirty hours to restore a single image, scanning them and cleaning up flaws before converting them to digital prints.

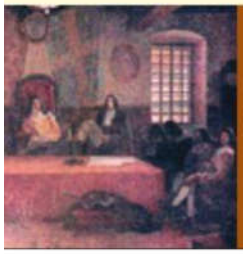
But Lawlor also lets people relive the magic of the original projections and lectures. He offers three versions of the "Gallantee So" — or magic lantern show — where he makes use of carefully restored original slides. "The whole idea is to recreate some of the atmosphere of what the original event was."

Working with Bill Jeffries of the Simon Fraser University Gallery, Lawlor has selected eighty images that comprise the touring exhibition Prints From CPR Magic Lantern Slides 1885–1930. On display in Revelstoke, B.C., until September 1, the exhibit then travels to St. Albert, Alberta, Kelowna, B.C., Oshawa and Windsor, Ontario, and beyond.

To see more of Lawlor's collection, visit TheBeaver.ca.

— Phil Koch

English Bay, Vancouver, circa 1920.



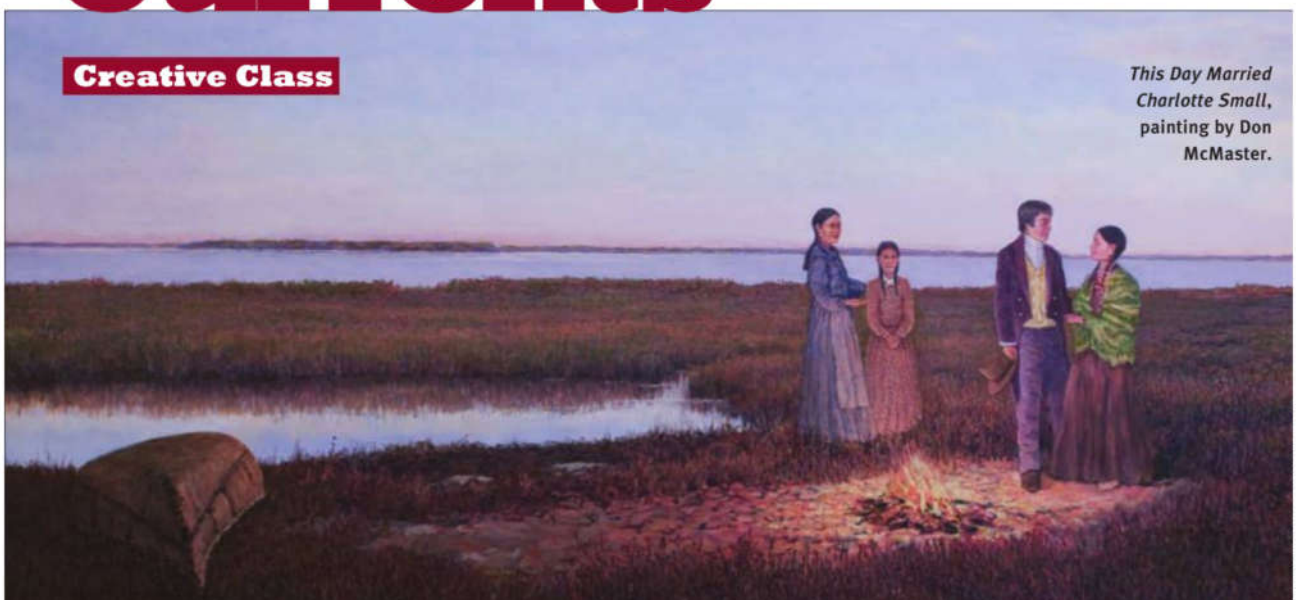
September 16

To observe the day in 1670 when New France's Conseil Souverain decreed colonists could pay debts with beaver and moose hides, due to a currency shortage. Reassure the family pet.

September 17

To honour Ross "Sandy" Somerville, who on this date in 1932 became the first Canadian to win the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship. Hit the links.

Creative Class



This Day Married Charlotte Small, painting by Don McMaster.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY STEBNER / THE ELMWOOD GALLERY

Dressing up David Thompson

The painting seems uncomplicated enough. It shows a clean-shaven young Caucasian man, smartly attired in an eighteenth-century dress jacket and trousers, with top hat in hand, gazing into the face of a young Métis woman in braids and who is wearing a shawl. Both stand before a campfire along the shore of the Churchill River in Saskatchewan, with the woman's mother and sister looking on from the side.

The man is legendary map-maker David Thompson. The woman is Charlotte Small, who he married informally on the day depicted in the painting — June 10, 1799 — and who would bear him thirteen children over the course of their fifty-nine-year marriage.

The painting is by Don McMaster, a seventy-seven-year-old Manitoba artist who was inspired to portray this event as part of a series that illustrates Thompson's lesser-known travels on the Prairies and in Northwestern Ontario.

What's not so obvious from the painting is that there was little information for McMaster to go on. For instance, no one knows what the brilliant surveyor and trader looked like, never mind his wife. In fact, there are precious few reliable portrayals of fur traders on the Prairies in the late 1700s. And much of what McMaster had assumed about beards and buckskins was wrong.

"One thing I was told emphatically was that the fur traders in this area at that time did not wear beards — the natives didn't respect beards," said McMaster. "And you were expected to dress pretty fancy when you went to trade with the Indians. The fur traders were gentlemen and they dressed like gentlemen."

McMaster, a landscape artist, took on the project as part of the ongoing bicentennial celebrations being held across North America until 2011 to mark Thompson's accomplishments. Thompson is often called the greatest land geographer in North America. He mapped 3.9 million square kilometres of the continent and is best known for his exploits in the Rocky Mountains.

"But out here [in the Prairies and Northwestern Ontario], I don't think the average person has a clue about what David Thompson did in this area," McMaster said.

McMaster picked a few key events — the informal marriage in northern Saskatchewan, a single-file trek through a blinding snowstorm in the Turtle Mountain region of southwestern Manitoba, the rescue of a man lost in a storm, meetings with native peoples — and combined them with Thompson's journal entries.

The result is a fascinating exhibit called Diaries of a Map Maker. McMaster, who is also a naturalist and outdoorsman, visited sites at Lake of the Woods in Northwestern Ontario — as well as others in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, North Dakota, and Montana — to ensure the settings of his subjects were historically accurate.

The paintings were exhibited over the spring and summer at Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, Kenora, Ontario, and various locations in Manitoba. They can be seen online via the link at TheBeaver.ca.

— Nelle Oosterom

GREAT MOMENT IN CANADIAN AVIATION 1930: J. Errol Boyd becomes first Canadian to fly solo across the Atlantic

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Christopher Moore

Political graveyards

Canada's dead prime ministers deserve to rest in peace.

Last spring, someone spray-painted "FLQ" and "traitor" at the grave of Pierre Elliot Trudeau, which is located south of Montreal. The political significance was probably zero — any community has its foolish vandals — but the extent of news coverage of the event had me reflecting on how we memorialize our prime ministers.

Since 1999, Canada's Historic Sites and Monuments Board (HSMB) has been ensuring every prime ministerial grave is "conserved and recognized in a respectful and dignified manner." Each prime ministerial cemetery now offers a booklet about the prime ministers and their graves. Each grave is attended by an information panel and a Canadian flag. There's a website and online maps to guide you there.

Despite such aids, I doubt any Canadian has ever made the full Canadian prime ministerial gravesite pilgrimage.

If you did try a dead prime ministers' tour, you might start in the West, at the grave of John Diefenbaker (d. 1979) beside the South Saskatchewan River in Saskatoon.

Then you would travel to Sarnia, Ontario, where the tall stone memorial of stonemason Alexander Mackenzie (d. 1892) adorns Lakeview Cemetery. Concern about his crumbling gravestone helped start the HSMB's preservation program. Rolling through rural southern Ontario, you would visit the cemetery on the edge of St. Mary's where Arthur Meighen (d. 1960) lies. Continuing east, you would find just one prime ministerial grave in Toronto: that of Mackenzie King (d. 1950) in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Along the Lake Ontario shore, you would find Mackenzie Bowell (d. 1917) buried in Belleville and John A. Macdonald (d. 1891) in Kingston.

Robert Borden of Nova Scotia (d. 1937) and Wilfrid Laurier of Quebec (d. 1919), rivals in life, both chose to be buried in Ottawa. Laurier's monument, perhaps the most imposing of all, is with the Catholics, and Borden's rugged stone cross is with the Protestants, but the two cemeteries are close together in suburban Vanier. Lester Pearson (d. 1972) is buried just north of Ottawa in the hills above Wakefield, Quebec.

Montreal, like Toronto, has just one dead prime minister, John Abbott (d. 1893), who lies in that vast cemetery-city on the north slopes of Montreal's Mount Royal. Pierre Trudeau (d. 2000) is buried at St-Rémi on the south shore and Louis St-Laurent (d. 1973) at his hometown of Compton in the Eastern Townships.

Sir John J.C. Abbott's gravestone, Mount Royal Cemetary, Montreal.

MICHEL GROLEAU

John Thompson (d. 1894, aged just 49) and Charles Tupper (d. 1915, aged 94) both died in England, but they are each buried in Halifax. R.B. Bennett (d. 1947) also died in Britain, but he chose to be buried where he died.

By this time, however, you might be wondering just what you were about. "Respectful and dignified preservation," the goal of the HSMB, sounds like a good idea; Canadians might protest at the thought of a prime ministerial grave left neglected. And yet … somehow, making shrines out of these graves does not seem in keeping with Canadian attitudes.

Most of the prime ministerial graves are modest, as if the men in them hardly expected or invited the veneration of posterity. The habit of vast public funeral processions faded during the twentieth century, and only the deaths of John Diefenbaker and Pierre Elliott Trudeau generated outpourings of emotion.

We have no tradition in Canada of grand memorials or American-style presidential libraries — a lone exception, perhaps, being the Diefenbaker Canada Centre adjoining Diefenbaker's grave in Saskatoon. For all his honours, John A. Macdonald's headstone simply gives his name, his dates, and "At Rest."

These were working politicians in their day, after all, not monarchs. It is hard to imagine one day humbly visiting the graves of the present occupant of the office and his recent predecessors.

In a constitutional monarchy, prime ministers are servants of the Crown. Political leaders are entitled to their private life (and death) when they relinquish office.

But of course we have that head-of-state problem. We have mostly lost the taste for naming days after Victoria, highways after Elizabeth, and islands and halls after assorted princes and princesses. At least I hope we have; they may be nice, but they do seem foreign. And no one's yet launched a gravesites program for past governors general. Prime ministers win by default, and so we have airports named for Pearson and Trudeau, and prime ministers on our money. Who else should we name things for? Celine Dion?

Don't book that full prime-ministerial gravesite tour, I would say. That is just a little too much. But if you happen to be near one of those cemeteries, there are worse places to pass a little time. And if someone has tidied up the gravesite and raised a flag near the resting places of our prime ministers, well, they earned it. Pay them their due and leave them in peace.

Christopher Moore comments regularly in The Beaver. *He wrote the text for* Grave Sites of Canadian Prime Ministers *for the Historic Sites and Monuments Board program.*

10 Photos that Changed Canada

From the Last Spike to the standoff at Oka, these are the images that influenced our nation.

Every nation has pivotal moments — events that define its character and change its course in history. If we're fortunate, those moments can be captured on camera and shared with future generations.

The images we feature on the following pages speak volumes about the passion, drama, and sacrifice that helped forge our nation.

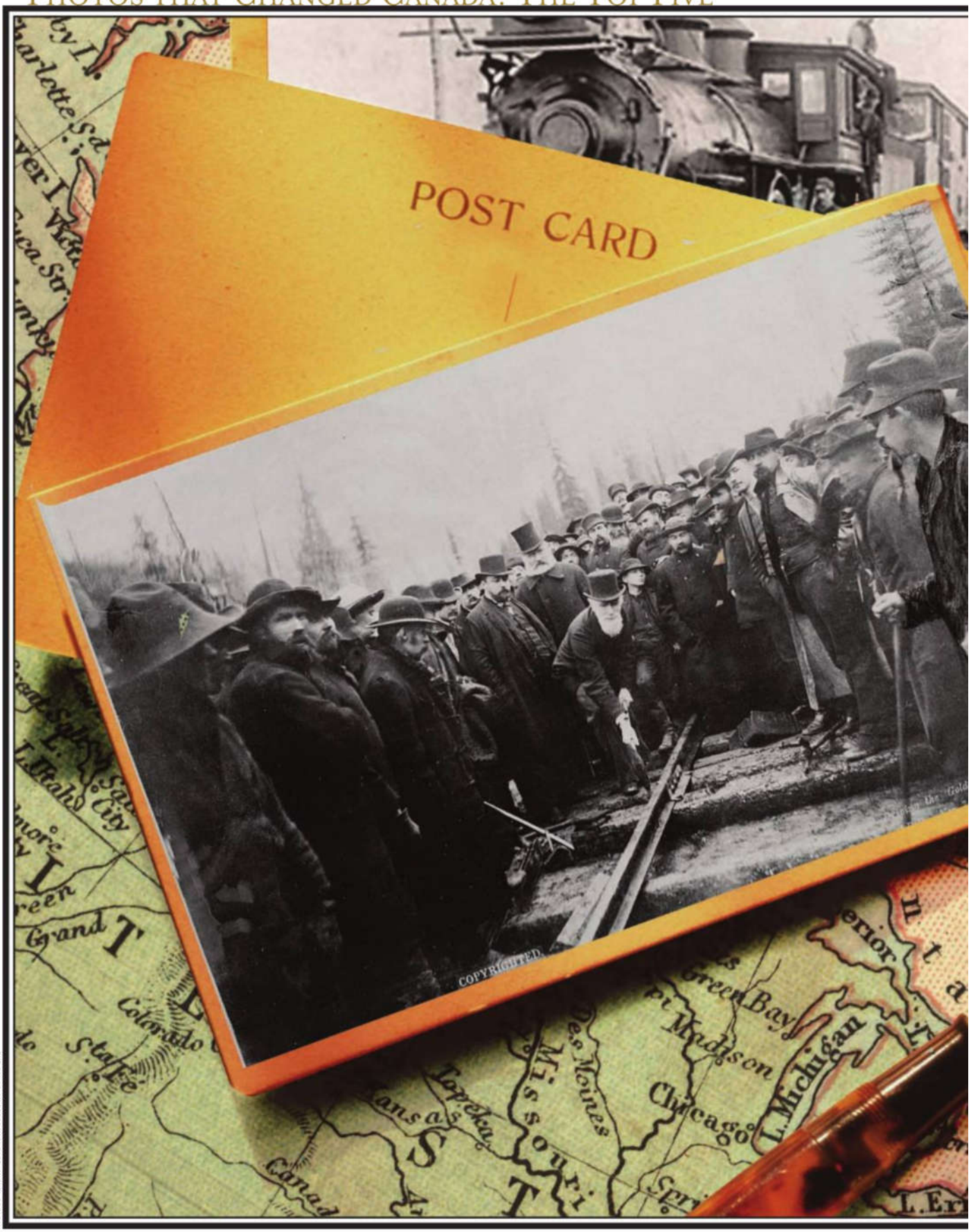
Several months ago, *The Beaver* asked some of Canada's premier photographers, photo editors and photography instructors to pick ten photos from our past that, they felt, had the greatest influence and impact on Canada.

It was a daunting task. And while the panellists nominated many great photos, in the end, they chose five that stood above the rest, along with another five runner-up images.

The images chosen as the 10 Photos that Changed Canada span our nation's history and capture some of our proudest and darkest moments. Some are images of personal perseverance that continue to inspire us.

We invite you to go behind the lens and learn the stories behind these famous photos: who took them, how they shot them, and why these images continue to affect us all.

— Mark Reid
Editor
The Beaver



THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

The Last Spike

Unlikely photographer snapped "emblem of national unity."

by Nelle Oosterom

Pierre Berton called it "the most famous photograph ever taken in Canada." In it, nineteenth-century railway bosses and workers look on as a white-bearded man in a stovepipe hat drives the final iron spike in the railway linking east with west — a powerful image that's forever etched in our collective consciousness. Yet the event itself — which occurred on a drizzly morning on November 7, 1885, at a British Columbia rail stop called Craigellachie between Salmon Arm and Revelstoke — took place with relatively little fanfare and was over in a few minutes. As for the man behind the camera that fateful day, little is known about him beyond his name — Alexander J. Ross.

Berton described him as "the little hunchbacked photographer, Ross of Winnipeg." Ross was with the firm Ross, Best & Company and his presence as the only photographer at the landmark occasion is described by B.C. photo archivist David Mattison as a "historic curiosity." Other photographers would have been more likely candidates for the honour: F.V. Bingham, A.B. Thom, and Oliver B. Buell all billed themselves as official CPR photographers; Richard Maynard had extensively photographed rail construction in the Fraser Canyon section; Charles Macmunn was well-known for his photos of CPR trestles and bridges.

There is even evidence that another photographer — Cornelius J. Soule — intended to be at the ceremony, "but through some mistake he did not end up on the train that would take him there (to Craigellachie)," according to Soule's descendant, Ron Soule.

"As there were many other photographers who could have made that photograph, its existence as the sole surviving example of the last spike ceremony is all the more remarkable," Mattison says in an essay entitled "The Photographers of Onderdonk's Way."

There are actually three official photographs of the event, all by Ross. The most famous shot is of CPR director Donald A. Smith driving the spike. The others show Smith posing with hammer in hand.

The group was small — a scattering of dignitaries, including railway president William Cornelius Van Horne and engineer Sandford Fleming, surrounded by anonymous workmen. Legendary Mountie Sam Steele is present too, though not visible in the photo.

On the first try, Smith made a bad hit, bending the spike. He pocketed that bent spike as a souvenir, making part of it into a diamond-encrusted brooch for his wife. A new spike was put in place and Smith drove it home with a couple of blows.

The deed done, there was absolute silence for several moments. Then came a rousing cheer and calls for "Speech! Speech!" from Van Horne, who memorialized the momentous occasion by stating simply: "All I can say is that the work has been done well in every way."

It is left for the photo, forever fixed in time, to speak for the landmark moment.

"[I] remember viewing it as a schoolchild and found it to be one of those indelible images that has stayed with me for my entire life," says Ric Ernst, the former president of the Western Canadian News Photographers Association.

Art historian Vincent Lavoie says the photo stands as "an emblem of national unity."

As for the man who took it, Mattison says Ross moved from Winnipeg to Calgary, where he had opened up a studio by 1887. He took many studio portraits of First Nations people, including Chief Crowfoot, and also sold pianos. He died in 1894.

Wait For Me, Daddy

Outstretched hands symbolize pain of separation.

by Phil Koch

Like thousands of others across the country, the troops of The British Columbia Regiment (Duke of Connaught's Own) had long been preparing for war when they paraded down Eighth Street in New Westminster, B.C., on October 1, 1940. This type of procession was common during World War II, but one fleeting moment captured on film by an alert photographer etched the scene in the minds of Canadians and of others around the globe.

Claude Detloff, working for the *Vancouver Daily Province*, was watching the line of troops, and also keeping an eye on one persistent little boy who was struggling to escape his mother's grip. Then, in an instant, at the corner of Columbia Street, the boy saw his father pass and broke free, reaching out as his father turned back and his mother chased after him.

Detloff had only one chance to snap his camera's shutter, and until he developed the film later that day he didn't know what he had. It turned out he had taken a photograph that would represent "the personal sacrifice many soldiers made to serve their country," says Michael Creagan, a photojournalism instructor at The University of King's College in Halifax.

The next day, the picture of Warren "Whitey" Bernard, then five years old, his father, Private Jack Bernard, and his mother Bernice appeared on the front page of the *Province*. Whitey, as he is still known, doesn't remember that day, but he certainly remembers the impact the photo had on his life, at least during the remainder of the war.

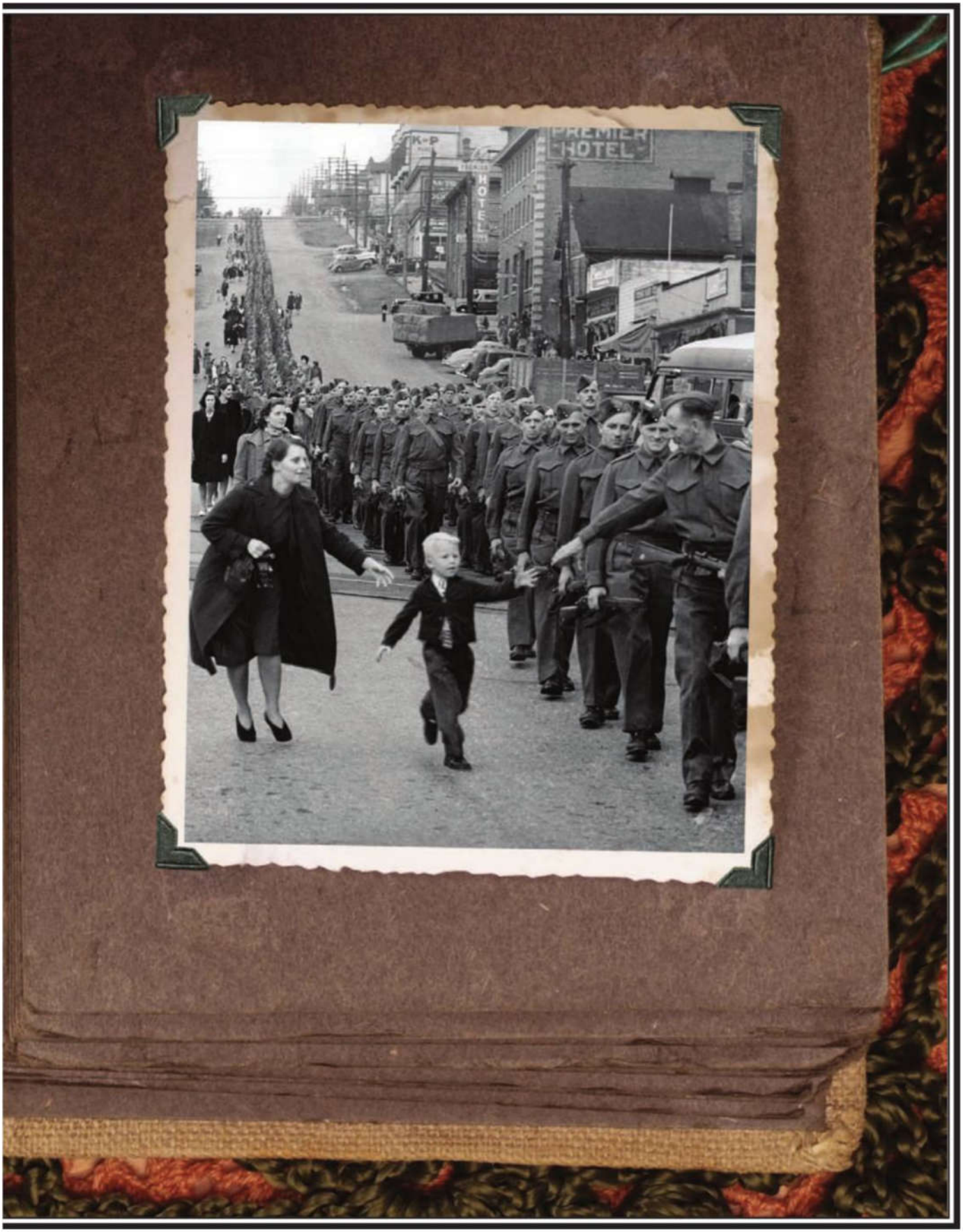
The image was chosen by *Life* magazine as its photo of the week, then as the North American press photo of the year, and eventually as one of *Life*'s ten best images of the 1940s. It appeared in *Maclean*'s, *Time*, the *Encyclopedia Britannica Yearbook*, and countless newspapers. As Whitey remembers, at one time the image known as "Wait for me, Daddy" was on the wall of every school in British Columbia.

Both the photograph and young Warren were enlisted in the campaign to support the war effort. He regularly appeared alongside the image at the end of variety shows intended to boost the morale of wartime workers and to encourage the purchase of Victory Bonds.

Due to wartime secrecy, few knew that in 1940 the B.C. regiment was actually boarding a ship bound for nearby Nanaimo, B.C., for further training before heading to other Canadian bases, and eventually to England. Jack Bernard would finally see action in France and participated in the liberation of Holland.

Detloff was on hand at Vancouver's CNR station in late 1944 to capture a reunion hug between father and son, but the family was not to live happily together. Jack and Bernice had grown apart and soon divorced, both later remarrying. Whitey eventually moved to Tofino, B.C., where he raised a family, served as mayor, and operated a small marina.

CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES LP609/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU


PREMIER
HOTEL

Henderson's Goal

Last-minute salvation for hockey-mad nation.

by Chris Webb

Thirty-six years ago, Foster Hewitt, the voice of Canadian hockey, shouted the words that still leave the hearts of many Canadians racing: "Henderson has scored for Canada!" With thirty-four seconds left on the clock during the final game of the legendry 1972 Summit Series at Moscow's Luzhniki Sports Palace, *Toronto Star* photographer Frank Lennon pressed the shutter release to capture Paul Henderson's reaction to scoring the winning goal. It was a moment that made Canadian fans leap from their seats.

When the eight-game series was announced in April 1972, many Canadian hockey fans salivated at the thought of Canada's best National Hockey League professionals sweeping the Big Red Machine. The series opened in Montreal. No one expected a Soviet victory. Canadian fans believed the Communists would crumble against the likes of Phil Esposito, Bobby Clarke, and sniper Pete Mahovlich.

They were wrong. Game 1 ended in a 7-3 victory for the Soviet Union, sending shock waves across Canada. The Canadians bounced back for a win in Toronto and then a tie in Winnipeg. But in Game 4 fans booed them off the ice after a 5-3 loss in Vancouver. "This isn't a game. This is a war and we'd better get ourselves together," Canada's captain, Phil Esposito, said at the time.

The shaky home series left many Canadians unsure of their status as a great hockey nation. The unsteadiness continued in Moscow, where Canada lost Game 5 and barely won Games 6 and 7. Interest in the final game of the series peaked as Canadians crowded around TVs on September 28, 1972.

Steve Vogelsang, a journalism instructor at Red River College in Winnipeg, was in Grade 3 at the time and has fond memories of the series. "Our whole school got out of class for the final game," he recalls. "We had one TV in the gym for about 300 kids. My teacher cried when Henderson scored the goal. Naturally, as kids, we went bananas too."

Meanwhile, Lennon, the *Star's* photographer, who was initially perched high above the rink, took advantage of a brief pause in the action to rush downstairs and position himself at ice level. He placed himself directly opposite the Soviet goal, for he was betting on Canada to score the winning goal.

Lennon's wager paid off. Henderson flew into the Soviet zone, shooting once, getting the rebound, and then shooting again to score. Lennon calmly pressed the shutter to catch the defining moment of the series — Henderson raising his arms in the air and being embraced by teammate Yvon Cournoyer, while goalie Vladislav Tretiak lies sprawled in defeat behind them.

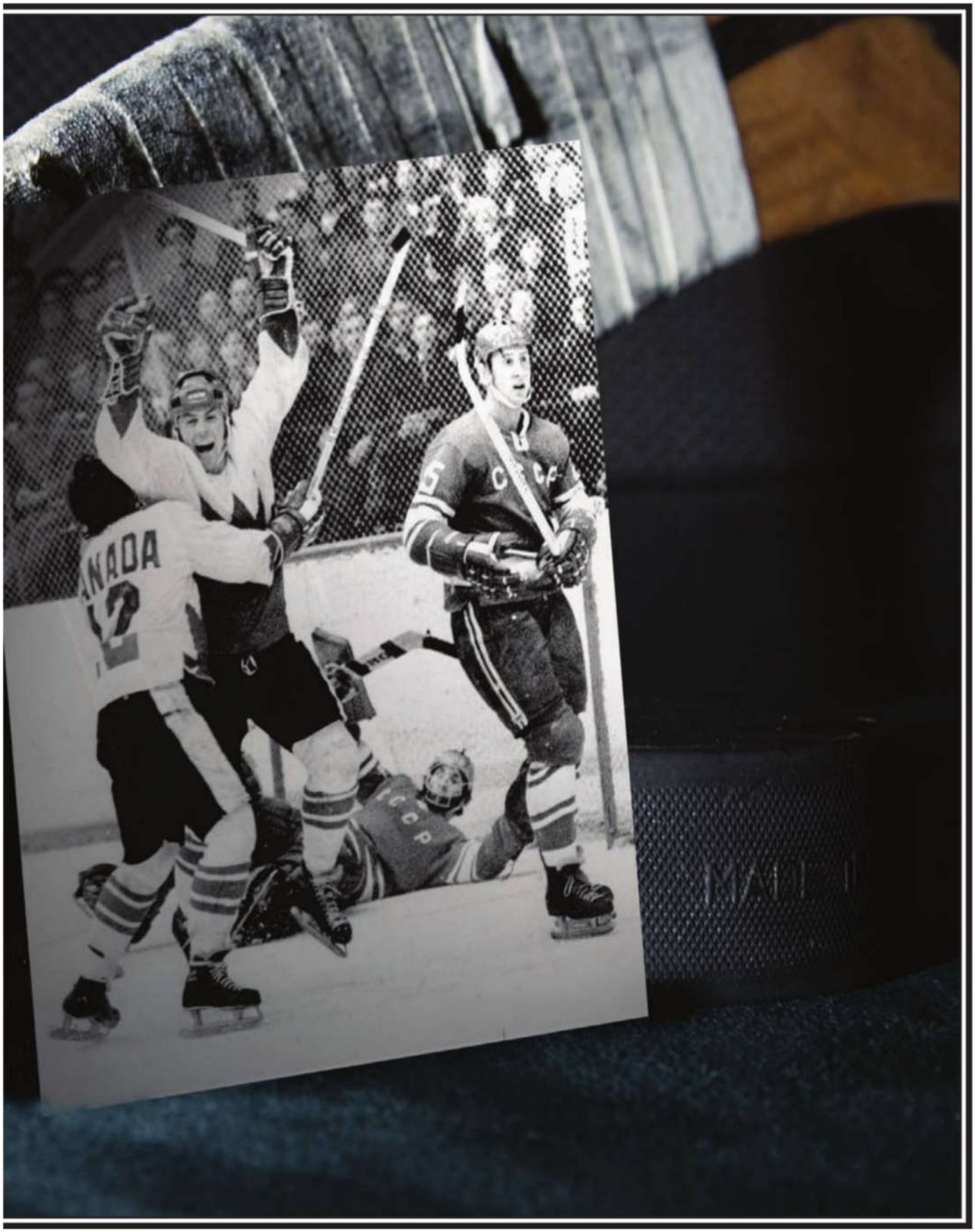
The photograph would win Lennon a National Newspaper Award and a Canadian Press Picture of the Year award. It would also be reproduced as a coin, a postage stamp, and on countless hockey cards and posters.

"This photograph instantly takes viewers to that defining moment in time, when Canadians woke up to the reality that they were not the world's dominating hockey nation that they thought they were. It was only Paul Henderson's winning goal that allowed them to breathe again," Ric Ernst, a *Vancouver Province* photographer, said.

The 1972 Summit Series would become a touchstone in Canadian history, a moment when this nation — sometimes divided by language and identity — came together to support what many Canadians call the greatest hockey team of the twentieth century.

Frank Lennon passed away in 2006 at age seventy-nine. He had a forty-seven-year career at the Toronto Star.

THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU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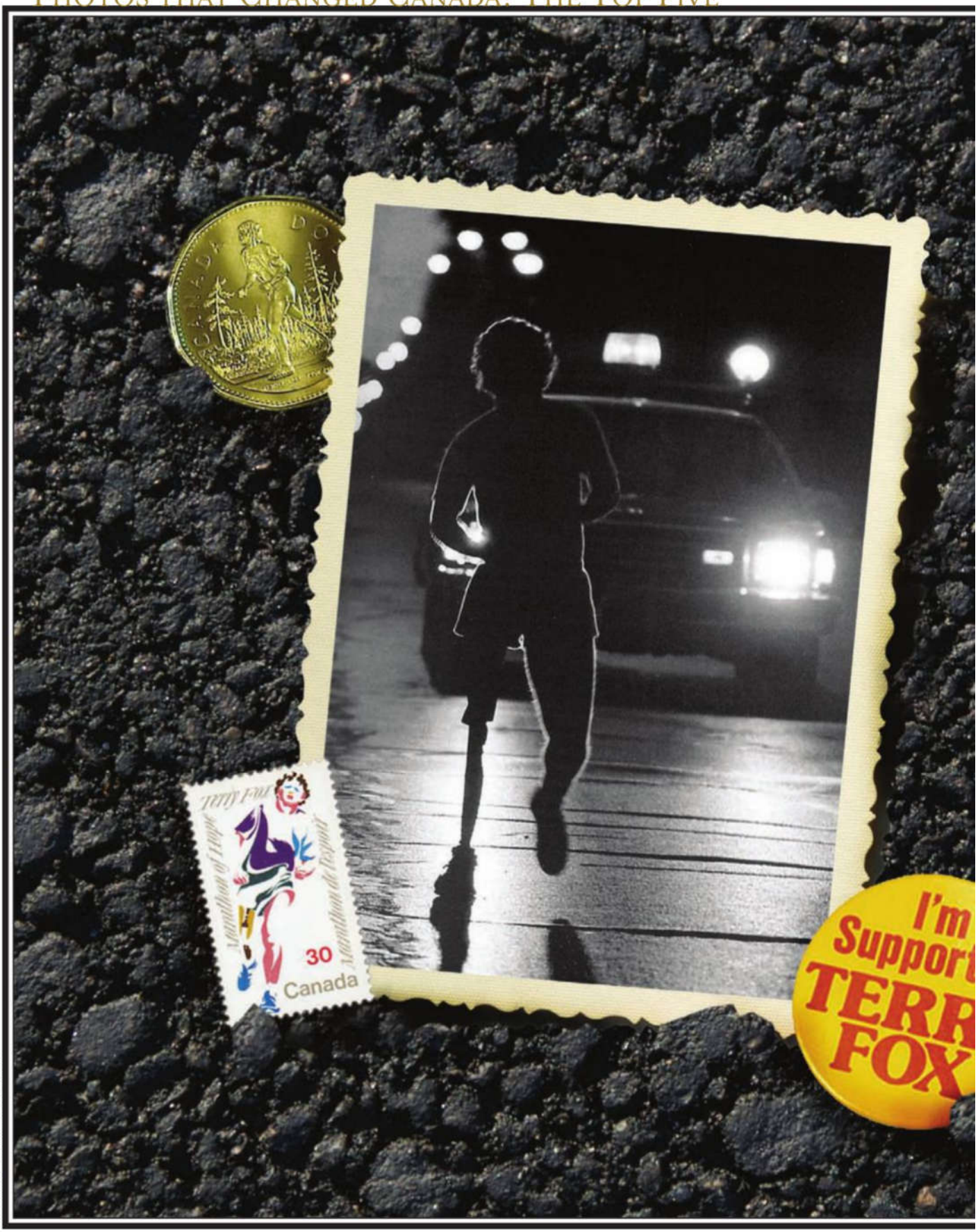


THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GIROUEAU

Terry's Journey

A story in shadow and light.

by Chris Webb

Terry Fox believed in miracles. He said he had no other choice. In this evocative photograph, Terry is silhouetted by the headlights of a police cruiser rolling behind him on an early summer morning in 1980. The image instantly evokes the memories that many Canadians still hold dear of Terry during his Marathon of Hope as well as the unwavering determination he showed during those inspiring months.

The photographer who took the picture, Peter Martin, remembers that morning well. He woke up early, eager to get the jump on the other photojournalists who would be waiting on the highway just outside of Oakville, Ontario. "I knew he started running early, and I knew I wanted to compete with the Toronto photographers and capture a better portrait," said Martin, who was chief photographer at the *Oakville Journal Record* at the time.

It had rained the night before and the wet asphalt reflected the lights of passing cars. Martin remembers capturing the photo, but had no idea it would portray Terry's persona so vividly.

"Hell no! I had no idea it would become so big. My editor at the *Oakville Journal Record* didn't like it at the time and we still joke about that today.... Looking at it objectively now, it's a great picture, and I was really lucky to get it."

The photo would win Martin a National Newspaper Award.

Terry was eighteen when he lost his right leg to cancer. The experience of being in a hospital with other cancer patients moved him so deeply that he devoted the rest of his life to fighting the disease.

His Marathon of Hope began April 12, 1980, on the icy Atlantic shores of St. John's, Newfoundland, and ended on September 1 on the outskirts of Thunder Bay, Ontario. The cancer had spread to his lungs and forced him to abandon the cross-Canada run.

The hope that the disease can be beaten has not died. The annual Terry Fox run has, to date, collected more than $400 million for cancer research.

Martin calls Terry a "pure heart" and remembers spending the day with him and his brother Darryl along the Trans-Canada Highway.

"If this marathon was done today it would be sponsored by companies and we'd see him on the side of a Happy Meal," Martin said.

"But Terry just wanted ordinary Canadians to fight cancer by giving what they could."

Beaver photo panelist Ric Ernst says the influence of Martin's photograph has grown over time.

"When this image of Terry Fox was made, it probably didn't have the impact on Canadians it does today," he says, "The silhouetted figure is instantly recognized and the photograph's dramatic light only increases the viewer's sense of determination, dedication, and hope this Canadian hero embodied."

Fellow panelist Michael Creagen agrees.

"This photo captures the triumph of the spirit of a man to overcome his physical limitations and achieve greatness."

But this portrait also tells the other side of Terry's story. While bathing him in a halo of light, it leaves a dark shadow before him, one that he would face on the road to Thunder Bay. He died on June 28, 1981, at the age of twenty-two.

Standoff at Oka

Famous confrontation shocked a nation.

by Chris Webb

It's an image that brings to mind burning tires, mangled police cars, and a near civil war on Canadian soil. It captures the historic anger felt by Canada's aboriginal people and reveals the challenging reality of two solitudes in Canada. A dramatic portrait of the summer of 1990, photographer Shaney Komulainen's remarkable photo was a visual wake-up call for all Canadians. Komulainen couldn't believe what she saw as she emerged from the forest into the pine grove clearing on the Kanesatake reserve near Oka, Quebec. Canadian soldiers and armed Mohawk warriors were staring each other down in the shadows of the tall trees. "I couldn't believe this was happening in Canada," she says. "It was a really tense situation, and it could've been so much worse."

Millions of other Canadians gasped at the front page of their newspaper the next day and felt the same way. Was it just a matter of time before shots were fired? What did the Mohawks want?

For almost three centuries, the Mohawks had prevented development on lands they considered to be their traditional burial grounds. When the town of Oka expropriated the land and proposed extending its nine-hole golf course to eighteen holes, the Mohawks threw up barricades on the road to the reserve and declared the land their territory.

A few months later, in July 1990, with the barricades still in place, more than a hundred Sûreté du Québec officers came to Oka. They shot tear gas and exchanged gunshots with the demonstrators; after the smoke cleared, Corporal Marcel Lemay lay dead. No one knows who fired the first shot, but the event marked a dramatic turning point in a centuries-long struggle, and it wasn't over yet.

With nearly four thousand military troops on standby by August 8, the settlement brokered by Quebec's minister of native affairs collapsed. Tanks rolled in and tempers flared.

The army and the Mohawks both realized early on that public opinion could make or break the standoff for either side. The military tried to prevent journalists from entering the conflict area, but many slipped past the guards to get the other side of the story.

As for Komulainen, she snuck through the woods — hiding her camera under her jacket — to the disputed burial ground where she was faced with the hostile showdown between soldiers and natives. Suddenly, there was the imposing Brad Laroque, standing face-to-face with soldier Patrick Cloutier. Shooting in low light without a flash, Komulainen says she was lucky to capture the moment so clearly.

The image of the baby-faced Cloutier facing an armed, masked Mohawk warrior appeared on front pages across the country, worrying many that the two-and-a-half-month standoff would end in even more bloodshed.

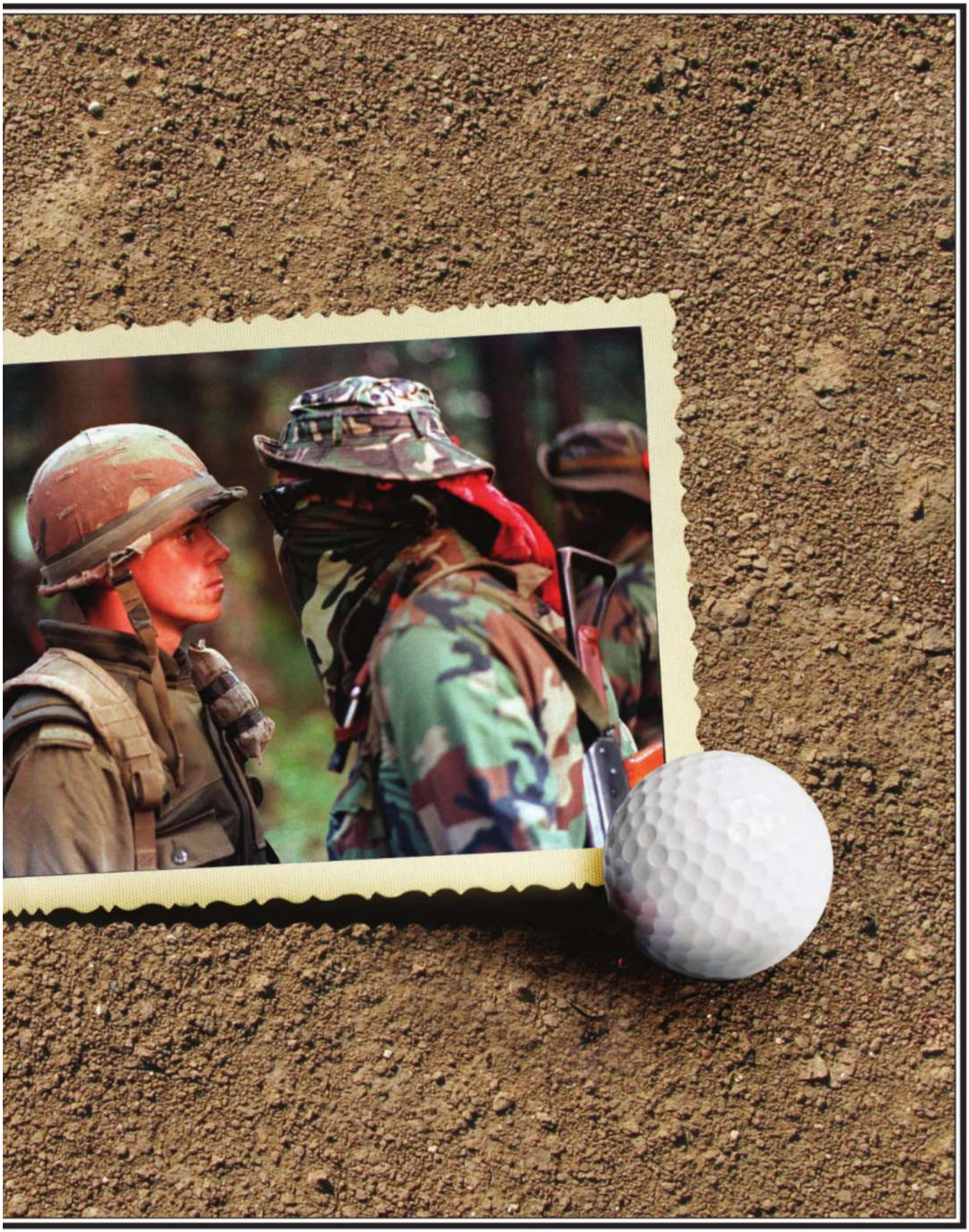
"There is the potential for so much violence and damage in that photo," Komulainen now says. "But I was so proud of Canada that day. It represents to me that we can stop and show restraint, even in heated situations."

Her photo was seen around the world, won the Canadian Press Picture of the Year award in 1990, and became *Maclean's* magazine's photo of the year.

"Sadly, this photo reflects the deep divide this country still experiences with its aboriginal peoples," says photo panelist Michael Creagen. "It's simple in its visual construction, but symbolic beyond its immediate news moment."

On September 26, 1990, the final barricade came down and the Mohawks walked away from the burial site; thirty-four of them were arrested. Today, the Oka Golf Club remains a nine-hole course and the disputed land is now an extension of the Mohawk cemetery.

THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU



Over the Top Forgery

by Chris Webb

One of the great pioneers of photography, Ansel Adams, said a photograph is usually looked at, but seldom looked into. Well, when researchers took a closer look at the photographs of Canada at war by one of our earliest photojournalists, they discovered something suspicious.

One of the tasks of the Canadian War Records Office during World War I was to collect photographs of Canadian involvement at the front. A young Englishman, William Ivor Castle, was appointed Canada's official war photographer and went to document the fight in France in August 1916.

His photos show men knee-deep in mud, surrounded by barbed wire and avoiding shell blasts, while scrambling over the tops of trenches. The heroic images stood as testaments to Canadian involvement in the Great War. But like most wartime propaganda, the images didn't quite tell the truth. The negatives told a different story.

"A soldier still had the canvas cover on his gun and there was no smoke!" Library and Archives Canada says on its website. "In the printed picture, the gun was missing and smoke was added to create the illusion of battle."

Ivor's famous image of troops "going over the top," supposedly taken at the Battle of the Somme, was actually taken during a training exercise. But fake or not, this photo is still used and recognized today as one of the quintessential wartime images.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

Canada's Miracle Babies

by Chris Webb

Much like the celebrity culture of today's tabloids, the Dionne quintuplets were a gold mine for some and an escape for many. Depression-weary Canadians flocked to the struggling Northern Ontario community of Corbeil to see the miracle babies — the world's first surviving quintuplets.

Born to a poor Quebec couple that couldn't afford to feed them, the quints, as they were called, were embraced by Ontario Premier Mitchell Hepburn's government as wards of the state. This photograph of Hepburn and the quints, taken by an unknown photographer, is a vivid representation of the state's authority over the children.

From 1934 until 1943 the quints were kept in a specially built hospital that became a human circus called Quintland. About three million people watched through wire gauze as the sisters played in a fenced-off enclosure. The sisters soon became Canada's biggest tourist attraction.

In the depths of the Depression they were a bright story. Unfortunately, they also became a commodity, as the sales of countless quint "fertility stones" and quint-themed Quaker Oats can attest. Living in what Cecile Dionne would later describe as a human zoo, the experience was psychologically devastating to the sisters. They were eventually returned to their parents. As adults, three of the surviving sisters accused their father and mother of abusing them.

In March 1998, the two surviving quints received $2.8 million in compensation and an apology from the Ontario government.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA C-019533/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

A Terrible Turning Point

by Nelle Oosterom

At the height of the October Crisis of 1970, Montreal *La Presse* photographer Robert Nadon received a late-night tip that would lead to the biggest scoop of his career. A radio station told him the *Front de libération du Québec* had alerted them to the wherabouts of the body of kidnapped Labour and Immigration Minister Pierre Laporte.

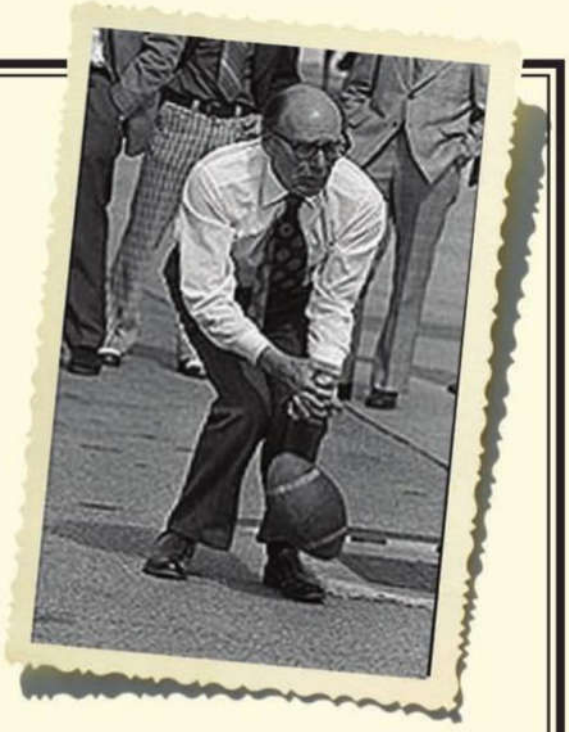
Racing to the St. Hubert airport with a reporter, Nadon saw a parked car. He first made sure they were inside the parking lot gate, then called police. As the only photographer on the inside, Nadon started snapping pictures. "It was the biggest show I ever saw in my life — firemen, police, army, helicopters everywhere. They were coming from all over the place," Nadon, now retired, said in an interview from his home near Joliette, Quebec.

His was the only close-up news photo of Laporte's body, which had been strangled and stuffed in the trunk of an FLQ car. Other photographers were forced to make do with telephoto lenses from behind a chain-link fence.

The publication of the grisly photos marked a turning point. The FLQ lost much of the sympathy it had gained among nationalist Quebecers. Police conducted more than 5,000 searches and raids and arrested nearly 500 people.

As for Nadon's negatives and photos, they mysteriously disappeared from the newspaper office several days after he took them. Nadon never learned what happened to them. He says the photo shown here is a "copy of a copy of a copy."

LA PRESSE/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU



Stanfield's Political Fumble

by Chris Webb

Let it be a lesson to politicians staging photo-ops: one wrong move can make or break you. Unfortunately for Progressive Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, it did the latter on the 1974 federal campaign trail.

The image of a "knock-kneed, hands-clasped awkwardly grimacing" Stanfield, as described by photographer Doug Ball, is the defining shot of the politician's career.

"There are a lot of people that say Stanfield's campaign was on the rails during that time," Ball said. "What that photograph did was tell the story."

The photo came on May 30, 1974, during a cross-country tour to rally support for the Tories. While his plane was refuelling in North Bay, Ontario, Stanfield decided to toss a football with his aide.

Doug Ball, a staff photographer with Canadian Press, took plenty of frames of the athletic P.C. leader successfully throwing and receiving the football. But the next day, the photo that made it onto Canadian front pages was of Stanfield's awkward catch. *The Globe and Mail* accompanied it with the headline: "A political fumble?"

The weak-kneed reputation stuck to Stanfield, and he lost the election to the incumbent, Pierre Trudeau.

"I still get into fights with people who are upset with me for taking that photo," Ball said. "But Stanfield was a great guy with a good sense of humour, and he never cringed at it."

THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

Trudeau: The Family Man

by Chris Webb

Pierre Trudeau was a man on the move in 1973, making headlines with groundbreaking visits to China and Cuba. But even in the midst of the political bustle, Trudeau was a family man.

This photograph, snapped in 1973 by United Press International photographer Rod MacIvor, captures the essence of Trudeau's charisma and confidence during this stage of his career. MacIvor recalls that at first he wasn't too excited about the assignment.

"I was invited to this garden party as a media guest, but because I was a junior photographer I had to work it, so I wasn't in a very good mood," said MacIvor. "As I took the picture, I knew it would be great, and because everyone was interested in him it went worldwide."

Trudeau's former wife Margaret praised MacIvor's photos when they were put on exhibit in 2001. "Rod captured the intimate side of Pierre Trudeau, without sensationalism — the reality, not the weakness, the best, not the worst," she said.

Adds MacIvor: "Ten years of my life were spent following Trudeau, and they were really the best years of my professional life." Eight years after his death, Trudeau continues to captivate Canadians. Simultaneously beloved, admired, and even detested by some, there's no denying his impact on Canada.

THE CANADIAN PRESS/MONTAGE: MICHEL GROLEAU

Listen to The Beaver's podcast interview with our photo panelists at TheBeaver.ca

The Beaver Photo Panel

The Beaver wishes to thank the following panelists for their help in selecting the 10 Photos: that Changed Canada

Michael Creagen teaches photojournalism at the University of King's College in Halifax. During his 28-year career, Creagen freelanced for United Press International and Canadian Press, among others, and won several major awards.

George Diack worked for 44 years at the *Vancouver Sun* before retiring in 1991. He spent his final decade at the *Sun* as chief photographer and assistant graphics editor. Diack won a National Newspaper Award as well as several Canadian Press Photo of the Month awards.

Moe Doiron is the deputy managing editor for photography at *The Globe and Mail*. A 25-year veteran editor and photojournalist, he also spent 14 years shooting for Reuters, The Canadian Press and the *Toronto Star*. He is currently overseeing the *Globe's* transition into multimedia storytelling in video.

Ric Ernst has been a staff photographer at *The Province* newspaper in Vancouver since 1993. He graduated from Langara College, working for *The Prince George Citizen* before joining the Lower Mainland chain, NOW Newspapers, as their first staff photographer in 1985. He is currently involved in organizing the News Photographers Association of Canada and lives with his wife in Langley, B.C.

Barry Gray is the national photo editor for Canwest News Service in Ottawa. A 35-year veteran of photojournalism, Gray was also the photo editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, as well as the assistant photo editor and a photographer with the *Toronto Sun* .

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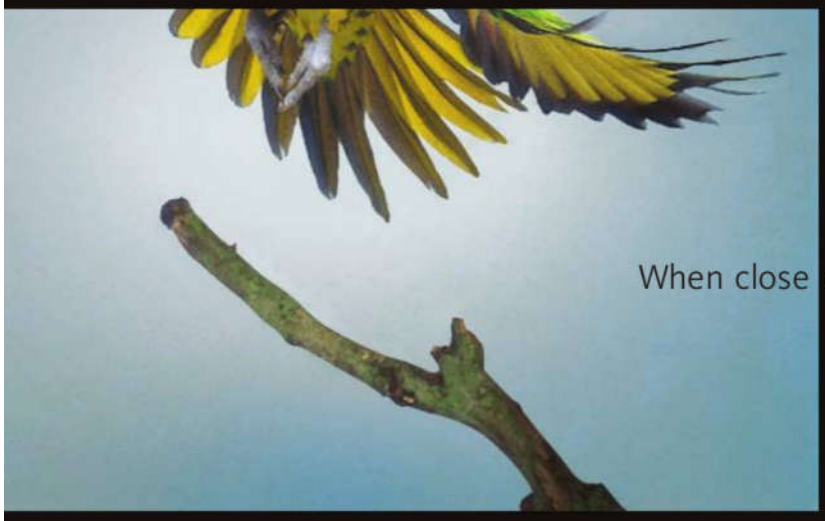

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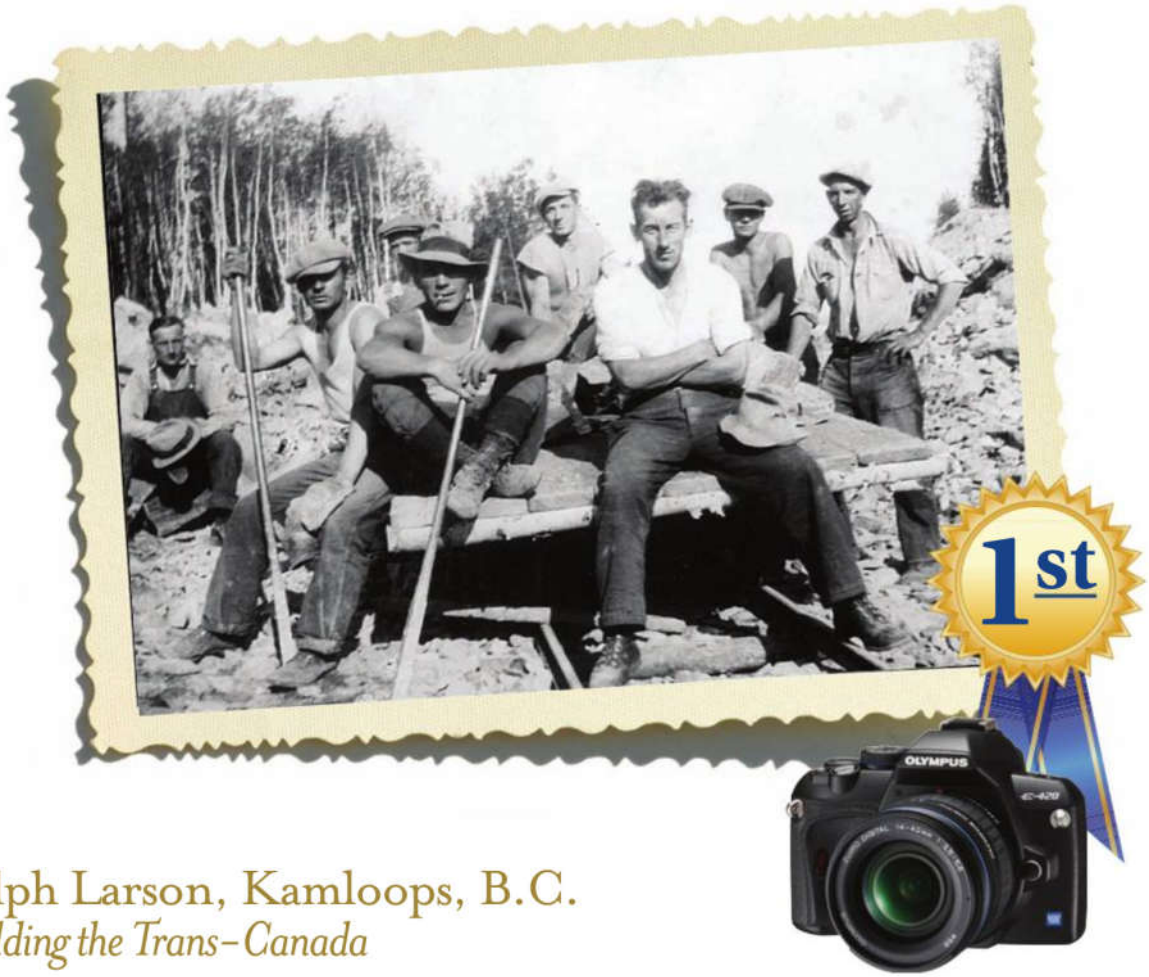


Ralph Larson, Kamloops, B.C.
Building the Trans-Canada

Wins the new dSLR E-420 camera with 1GB xD card.

It can be argued that the building of the Trans-Canada Highway was as monumental an event in terms of uniting our nation as was the driving of the Last Spike. The work was tough, but the thousands of men who together carved the highway out of the wilderness were even tougher. This photograph, taken sometime between 1939 and 1940, shows Ralph Larson's father, Peter (back left, with hat in hands, now deceased), resting with his chums after a hard day's work clearing the right-of-way for the highway leading from Northwestern Ontario to Winnipeg.

Larry Sibley, Musquodoboit Harbour, N.S.
Protest Girl

Wins the Stylus 1030 SW, the shockproof, waterproof, freezeproof and crushproof camera with 1GB xD card.

A child plays with a bundle of protest signs while standing in front of dozens of discarded placards carried during an anti-war march held in Toronto in 1969. Many Canadians at the time condemned the war in Vietnam, and this photo visually expresses the political involvement of youth in the anti-war movement of the 1960s.

David Low, Winnipeg
Racing Tom Longboat

Wins the FE-340 camera with 1GB xD card.

Tom Longboat was one of Canada's greatest distance runners. Longboat was also a decorated war hero. This photo shows a young Longboat (number 14), lining up to to race against David Low's grandfather, Herbert Wesley Farrow (number 10). This race predates Longboat's Boston Marathon victory in 1907.

Shoot Like a Pro

TIP #1 To catch history as it happens, include content in your photo that indicates the period the image was taken. This could be a date on a building, a current model of vehicle, or someone wearing clothing specific to the time.

TIP #2 Frame your shot to establish a location. You can do this through a gate or archway, on stage with a visible audience, or between two goalposts.

Honourable Mention

TIP #3 Be mindful of the decisive moment. If you are at a sporting event where one more point will decide the outcome of the game, that's the shot you want!

Honourable Mention

TIP #4 Consider a before versus after approach: If you are documenting a development or construction, or scenic landscapes, look up old archived photos of the same site and take current photos from the same vantage point. You'll be able to effectively document the changes.

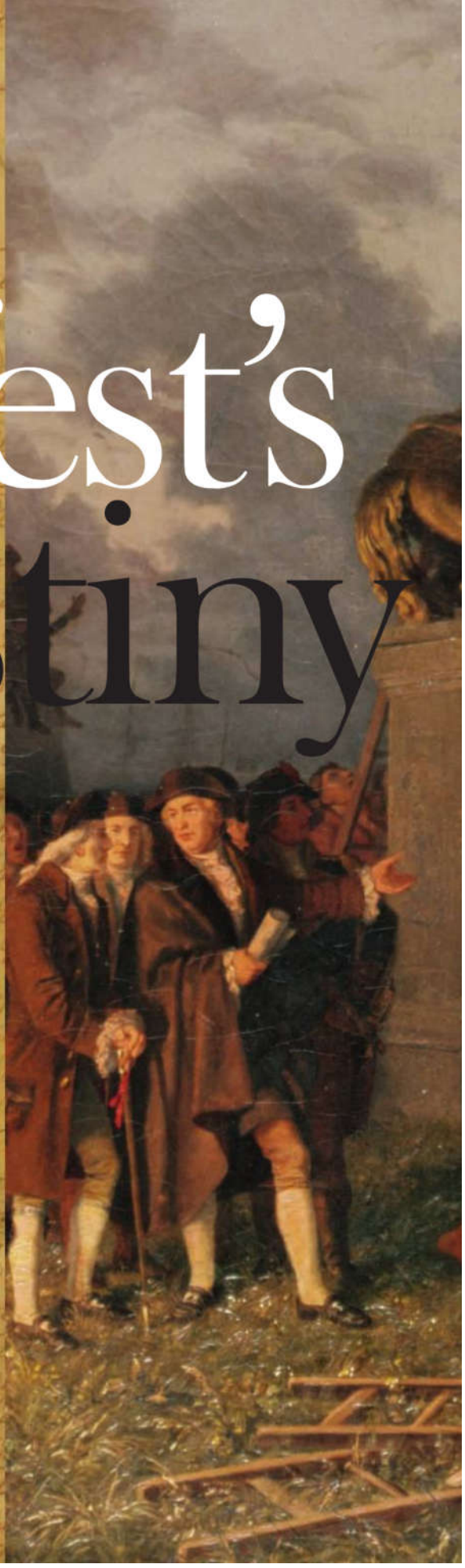
Go to TheBeaver.ca to see the complete gallery of runner-up photos.

OLYMPUS

A Manifest's Destiny

A ship's list survives to tell the story of fleeing Loyalists during one of the largest refugee exoduses in history.

by Stephen Davidson



NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM, SAINT JOHN, N.B. RAYMOND, WD FIG.1A

Pulling Down Statue Of King George III, NYC **by Johannes A. S. Oertel. American colonists who remained loyal to the king were obliged to flee.**

NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM, SAINT JOHN, N.B.

After he made sure that his family and servants were secured in their cabin, Fyler Dibblee crossed the gangplank and sat down at his dockside desk. The April breeze from Long Island Sound lifted stray hairs on his wig, threatening to pull off his tricorner hat. Not the best of working conditions, but it was a very small discomfort for a man who had weathered seven years of persecution.

Dibblee's appointment as the deputy agent for the *Union*, an evacuation ship for Loyalist refugees, was a small, but welcomed, compensation for his losses during the American Revolution. Fyler had been stripped of his fine home, his law practice, and the esteem of his townspeople. The new position affirmed Dibblee's value as a lawyer and gave him the means to begin to compensate his family for all that they had suffered during the revolution.

In the years since 1776, Dibblee's children had been driven from their house, had watched a Patriot mob attack their father, and had endured rebel attacks on four different Long Island homes. In one raid, the Patriots snatched the children's hats from their heads and yanked the shoes from their feet; in another assault, they were told they would be "put to the bayonet" if they made any noise. In one raid, his wife, Polly Dibblee, watched in horror as Fyler was carried off to prison; in a later attack, she was pregnant with their youngest son. How could Dibblee ever compensate his wife for all that his loyalty to the Crown had cost her?

Fyler carefully flattened the pieces of paper he had been given to record the passengers' names as they boarded the *Union*. Creating an accurate ship's manifest was one of the most important of Dibblee's tasks as a deputy agent. Picking up his quill from the inkwell, Fyler jotted down his name, occupation, hometown, and his family's vital statistics.

To see more pages from the manifest go to TheBeaver.ca

Fyler Dibblee's original ship's manifest for the *Union*.

Dibblee had never travelled far from his home in Stamford, Connecticut. But in just a few days' time he would be one of 7,000 Loyalists in a fleet of twenty vessels sailing north to new settlements in Nova Scotia. Before the end of 1783, over 100,000 Loyalists would leave the new United States of America — the largest single exodus of refugees in the history of the Western Hemisphere.

May 11, 2008, was the 225th anniversary of the *Union*'s arrival in what is now Saint John, New Brunswick. Only one document survived that journey, the manifest that listed the ship's 209 passengers. The stories of these refugees have recently been brought to light — tales that reveal the human face of the American Revolution and the wounds it left in the hearts and minds of its Loyalist survivors.

Little is known of the *Union* beyond its captain's name — Consett Wilson — and its tonnage — 287 tons. Only one passenger's account of its 1783 journey survives. In his memoir of those days, Walter Bates, a native of Stamford, Connecticut, recorded that the Union was "the best ship in the British fleet."

Years before, Bates escaped death at the hands of Patriots in Connecticut by fleeing to the Lloyd's Neck refugee camp on Long Island.

He taught the children of Loyalists who lived near Fort Franklin, the largest British garrison on the island. At night, Bates joined others in whaleboat raids on Patriot communities across Long Island Sound. The schoolteacher survived smallpox, torture at the hands of Patriots, and the difficult life of a refugee. Little wonder then that Bates went on to write a poem encouraging fellow refugees to accept the British plan of resettlement in Nova Scotia (which included present-day New Brunswick). It contained these lines:

God is too wise to be unjust,
Too good to be unkind,
While subject to his sovereign will
Our hearts are well inclined.

In the end, the Loyalists who had enjoyed the protection of Fort Franklin for seven years decided to take passage aboard the *Union*. Fyler Dibblee registered each of the sixty-five adult "heads of households" and noted the members of their family. Besides married men, the

Before the end of 1783, over 100,000 Loyalists would leave the new United States of America — the largest single exodus of refugees in the history of the Western Hemisphere.

Union's manifest also described three widows, one spinster, and several bachelors as household heads. Some teenage boys were listed as household heads while some women in their twenties were included with "children above ten years old."

The occupations of the *Union*'s thirty-nine women passengers were not recorded — even though such skills were crucial to the creation of future communities. But thanks to sources other than the manifest, we do know something about the occupations of Hepzibeth Lyon and Mercy Harris. Hepzibeth's father had been an innkeeper in Redding, Connecticut. When the Lyons established one of the first inns along the St. John River, it was Hepzibeth's life experiences — and not her husband's farming skills —

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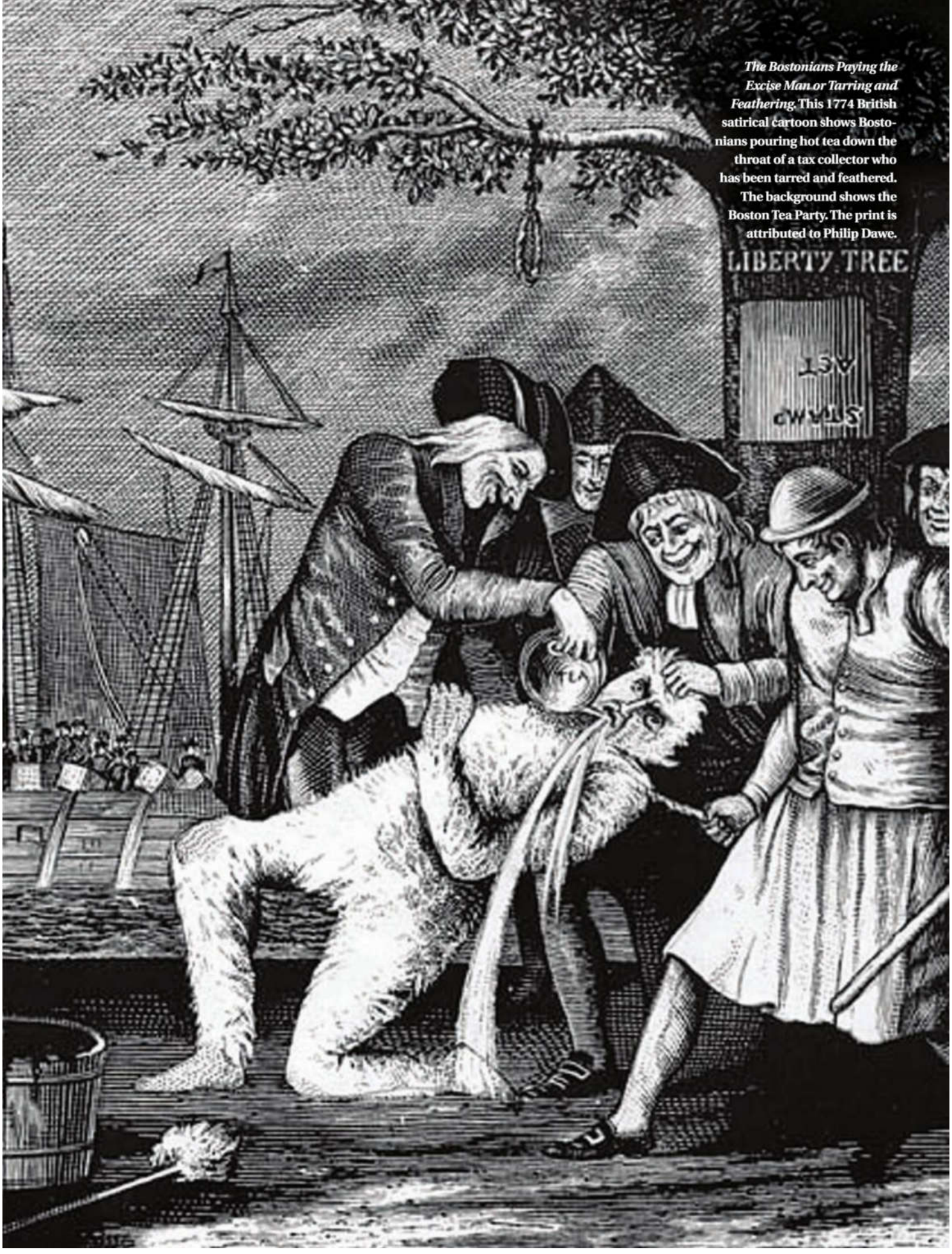

The Bostonians Paying the Excise Man or Tarring and Feathering. **This 1774 British satirical cartoon shows Bostonians pouring hot tea down the throat of a tax collector who has been tarred and feathered. The background shows the Boston Tea Party. The print is attributed to Philip Dawe.**

which allowed the family to thrive in their new colony.

Mercy Harris was a seamstress and the only woman to travel by herself on the *Union*. As a woman who apparently supported the king out of her own convictions rather than those of her husband or male relatives, she was a rarity among these refugees.

Over half of the *Union*'s passengers were from Connecticut, followed by Rhode Island, and New York — with a handful from Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. There were no German mercenaries, no recent arrivals from England, no members of the governing elite — no one, in fact, who matched the stereotypes of Loyalists given in American history books following the Revolution. The passengers of the *Union* were the descendants of American colonists who had called the eastern seaboard their home for generations.

The manifest noted that Dibblee was the only passenger to have two servants, but it did not give their names or ages. However, because they were blacks, their names were listed in another significant document of the 1783 Loyalist evacuations, *The Book of Negroes*. This record was compiled under the authority of Commander Guy Carleton to prove that Loyalists departing from New York City were not stealing American slaves.

The book contains the name of Dibblee's twenty-seven-year-old manservant, Tom Hyde. The first black Loyalist to arrive in modern-day New Brunswick, he had escaped his master in Fairfield, Connecticut, and served the British forces for five years, thus earning his freedom.

While every black Loyalist had to serve the British forces to receive his or her freedom, very few white Loyalists actually took up arms to fight for the king. Only twelve of the *Union*'s sixty-one white male passengers are known to have served in Loyalist regiments.

Dibblee's manifest also reveals the stunning fact that 108 — or over half of the passengers on the crowded, noisy ship — were children. The youngest *Union* passenger was ten-month-old William, the son of John and Hepzibeth Lyon. Grace Raymond, twelve, and her brother Samuel, nine, clearly remembered watching the British forces set their town afire. The older children aboard the *Union* all carried memories of crossing Long Island Sound to be reunited with fathers who were forced to seek refuge at Lloyd's Neck. Jesse Raymond, five, had not seen his father in three years and, according to a written account of the family's history "was as much afraid of him as if he was a bear."

One nine-year-old girl, a freeborn mulatto, travelled aboard the *Union* without any parents whatsoever. Little Sukey was Dibblee's indentured servant and spent the voyage waiting upon him, his wife Polly, and their six children.

REVOLUTIONARY
1763
Seven Years War ends, leaving Britain with debt that it addresses by attempting to impose new taxes on the colonies. This culminates in the Tea Act of 1773, sparking the Boston Tea Party. People in the Thirteen Colonies take sides, with Patriots on one side, Loyalists on the other.
1775
Fighting breaks out in Lexington, Massachusetts, marking the start of fighting in the war.
1776
The Second Continental Congress, a convention of delegates from the Thirteen Colonies, declares independence.

The oldest person on board was eighty-six-year-old Mary Raymond. Four years earlier Mary fled Norwalk, Connecticut, before the British could set the town on fire. The octogenarian left her son's home with her five-year-old grandson in her arms. She also carried a pillowcase full of silverware and jewelry, and had two linen sheets hidden beneath her skirts. She ignored her son's advice to slip out of Norwalk through the fields — "It's the king's highway, and I will walk in it," she is said to have declared — and guided her daughter-in-law's family along the road to the coast. As they fled, they encountered British soldiers who took them to be Patriots. The redcoats picked off the grandmother's bonnet with their swords, cut up its ribbons, and stamped it into the dirt road. However, the family treasures went undetected, and the Raymonds eventually made it to a ship that took them to a refugee camp.

On Wednesday, April 16, Fyler Dibblee recorded the name of the last passenger to board the *Union*. The ship then sailed down Long Island Sound to New York City and after ten days took its place as the flagship of a fleet of twenty vessels headed for British North America. On Sunday, May 11, the *Union* was guided into the harbour of Parrtown — a small coastal settlement that within two years became the city of Saint

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The city of Brantford, Ontario, is named after Six Nations Chief Joseph Brant, who led raids against Patriot communities in New York on behalf of the British. Portrait by George Romney, 1776.

MOMENTS

The American Revolution sparked one of the largest refugee movements in history as people loyal to the British Crown fled the new republic. Here are some highlights:

1781

The British surrender at Yorktown, Virginia, in what was the last major battle of the war.

1782

A mass exodus of Loyalists from Savannah, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina, takes place. Most go to the Caribbean.

1783

The Treaty of Paris compels Congress to recommend to the Thirteen Colonies that Loyalists no longer be persecuted. The colonial governments virtually ignore these recommendations and the situation of Loyalists grows worse. About 30,000 Loyalists leave New York in troop transports.

After 1791

Thousands of so-called "late Loyalists" migrate to British North America to take up offers of free land.

THE LOYALIST DIASPORA

• Historians estimate that at the time of the American Revolution, anywhere from ten to forty per cent of the population in the Thirteen Colonies remained loyal to Britain.

• Loyalists were frequently persecuted, with their property confiscated. A few were tarred and feathered. The number of Loyalists in the new United States of America steadily declined as many fled or were forced to change their allegiance.

• It's estimated that as many as 100,000 Loyalists left the U.S. Of these, about 35,000 went to the Maritimes and 15,000 to Quebec and present-day Ontario. The rest went to the Caribbean, Great Britain, continental Europe and British Empire colonies such as India.

• About 6,000 Six Nations people who were allied with the British were dispossessed of their land in New York. Those who resettled in British territory included Mohawk Chief Joseph Brant (Thayendanege), who led 2,000 of his people to land that had been granted to them along the Grand River in what is now southern Ontario.

• Some Loyalists were black. In many cases, they were slaves who accompanied their owners to plantations in the Caribbean. But some won their freedom by abandoning their owners and fighting for Britain. About 3,000 free blacks came to Nova Scotia, founding Birchtown and Tracadie. But they suffered hardship and discrimination, and in many cases did not receive land that was promised to them. In 1792, 1,196 blacks from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick left to establish a colony in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

• The Loyalist presence in Canada led to the establishment of New Brunswick (1784) and Upper Canada (1791).

John. It was the first ship of Loyalist refugees to arrive in what is now New Brunswick.

While the other nineteen captains of the spring fleet compelled their human cargo to disembark as soon as their ships dropped anchor, Captain Wilson allowed his passengers to stay aboard the *Union* for a week while three scouts sought out a suitable settlement. The captain's kindness was not forgotten. A grateful Walter Bates wrote an account of the *Union*'s voyage titled *Kingston and the Loyalists of the Spring Fleet of 1783* in which he cited Wilson's consideration:

"We remained comfortably on board ship till we could explore for a place in the wilderness suitable for our purpose of settlement. Those who came in other ships were in some cases sickly, or precipitated on shore. Here again we were favoured…We departed with Captain Wilson's blessing."

While everything that the *Union*'s 209 passengers experienced will never be fully known, all of them suffered some form of trauma during the American Revolution. Often, the psychological impact only surfaced after the Loyalists had settled into their new surroundings. The deputy agent of the *Union* was no exception.

The demands for Fyler Dibblee's legal expertise in the settling of Parrtown declined during the winter. A relative described the deputy agent's depression: "He concluded that he must go to Gaol for his Debts and there die; whilst his Family would inevitably starve and perish. The Result was that Mr. Dibblee grew Melancholy and which soon deprived him of his Reason." In papers filed with the British government seeking compensation, a relative described the lawyer's sad end:

"Whilst the family were at Tea, Mr. Dibblee walked back and forth in the Room seemingly much composed, but unobserved he took a Razor from the Closet, threw himself on the Bed, drew the Curtains and cut his own throat."

Fyler Dibblee died in poverty. However, among his documents was a rich legacy to history — the manifest of the *Union*. Instead of disposing of the passenger list or handing it over to a government official in the spring of 1783, Dibblee kept the manifest he had so carefully created. Had it not been for the Connecticut lawyer, the *Union*'s manifest would have been lost forever, sharing the same destiny as the manifests of hundreds of other Loyalist evacuation ships.

Following Dibblee's suicide, his son William Dibblee kept the *Union*'s manifest. After his death it passed into the hands of a nephew, William Fyler Dibblee, who died in 1903. Rev. W. O. Raymond, the great-great-grandson of Fyler Dibblee, donated the *Union*'s manifest to the archives of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John, New Brunswick. It can still be seen there today — three fragile pages bearing the faded names of a fascinating community of refugees.

Within six months of their arrival, many of the passengers of the *Union* had found a measure of contentment. Some went no further than Parrtown (now Saint John); others received grants along the St. John River, but most settled upriver in Kingston. Walter Bates described those who had settled there with these words:

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/C001829

Loyalists arriving at the site of Saint John in 1783. **The print is based on an oil painting by John David Kelly (1862-1958).**

"A happier people never lived upon the globe, enjoying in unity the blessings which God had provided for us in the country into whose coves and wild woods [we] were driven through persecution. Here with the protection of kind providence we were perfectly happy, contented and comfortable...."

Stephen Davidson is the author of *The Burdens of Loyalty: Refugee Tales from the First American Civil War* (Trinity Publishing, 2007). He is also a teacher in Lower Sackville, Nova Scotia, and a descendant of Loyalists.

Here more about the Loyalists from writer Stephen Davidson at thebeaver.ca

Et Cetera

The Loyalists: Revolution, Exile, Settlement by Christopher Moore. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1984.

Loyalists and Layabouts: The Rapid Rise and Faster Fall of Shelburne, Nova Scotia: 1783-1792 by Stephen Kimber. Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2008.

The Boy in the Picture

Who was that curious lad who placed himself in the centre of one of Canada's most celebrated photos? by Ray Argyle

Young Edward Mallandaine positioned himself behind Donald A. Smith just as the latter drove in the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885. The hand-painted photo (opposite page) was copied about 1928.

In the chill mountain air, the photographer struggled to set up his tripod and assemble his camera and plates so as to be ready for the historic moment that was to unfold at precisely twenty-two minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of November 7, 1885. Alexander J. Ross had travelled by train with dignitaries of the Canadian Pacific Railway to witness the closing of the final gap in the transcontinental railway. Ross, his hands growing numb with the damp and cold, breathed warmth onto his fingers as Donald A. Smith, the railway's financial genius, prepared to drive home the final spike that would complete the railway. At the exact moment of the hammer's flight, Ross pressed the shutter, capturing one of Canada's most enduring images.

Each time I look at this picture, my eyes fasten immediately on the slim youth — pale, and quite possibly malnourished — who has fixed himself carefully behind the distinguished gentleman wielding the hammer. Barely more than a boy, small for his age at eighteen, he cranes his neck so as to see everything that is happening, yet takes care to be out of the way as the spike maul comes crashing down onto the symbolic iron stake.

It is many years later — when this youth has become a very old man — that I, as a small boy, first encounter him. It is in the southern interior British Columbia town of Creston, a town he founded and where I grew up. He was the retired and respected Lieutenant Colonel Edward C. Mallandaine, late of the Canadian Army. When I knew him, he was amusing himself by designing houses with steeply peaked roofs, the better for the heavy snows of the mountain winters to slip harmlessly to earth. After I left home and began to better understand this man, his presence in the Last Spike picture became an enduring symbol in my mind. The photo depicts a scene so momentous in its meaning and so deeply etched in the memories of generations of Canadians, that finally I realized I had to go back. I had to understand Mallandaine as the youth

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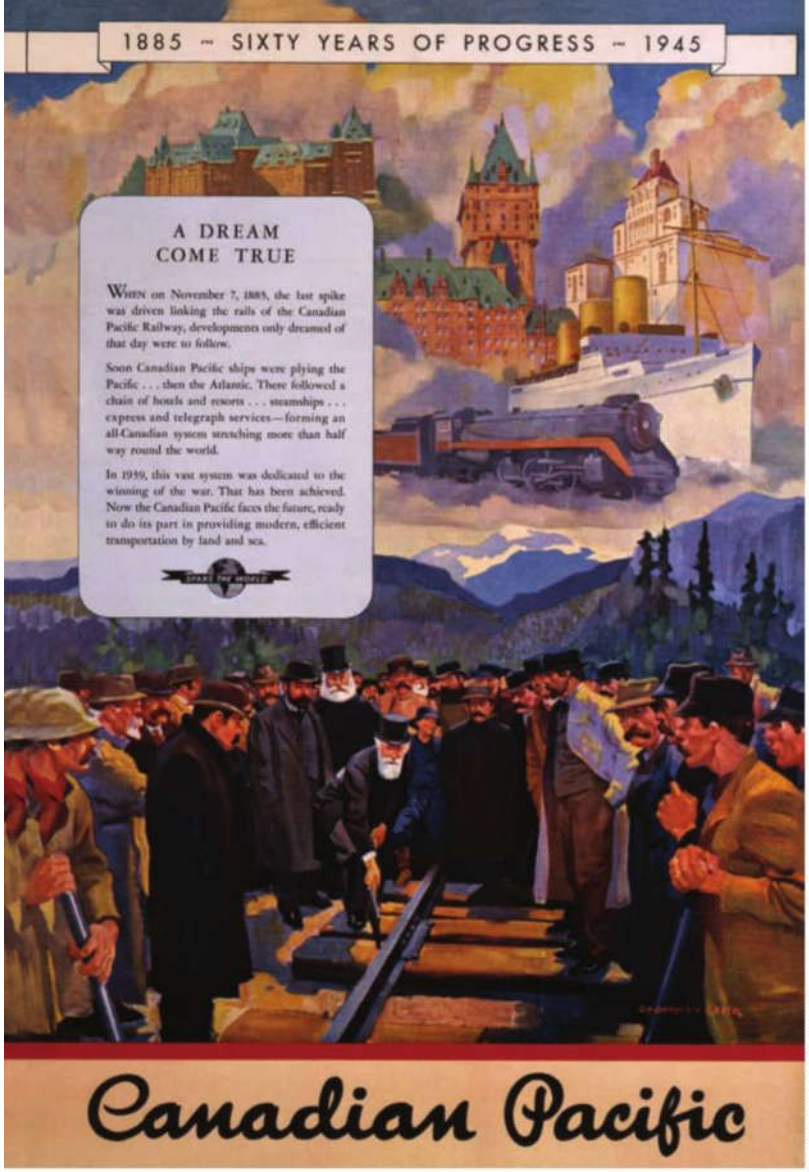
1885 – SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS – 1945
A DREAM COME TRUE
When on November 7, 1885, the last spike was driven linking the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway, developments only dreamed of that day were to follow.
Soon Canadian Pacific ships were plying the Pacific . . . then the Atlantic. There followed a chain of hotels and resorts . . . steamships . . . express and telegraph services—forming an all-Canadian system stretching more than half way round the world.
In 1939, this vast system was dedicated to the winning of the war. That has been achieved. Now the Canadian Pacific faces the future, ready to do its part in providing modern, efficient transportation by land and sea.
Canadian Pacific

CANADIAN PACIFIC ARCHIVES, A-6116

This CPR poster of the Last Spike was made by Geoffrey Grier in 1945.

he was when the camera first captured his image in order to appreciate him as the old man he became by the time history brought our paths together.

The bus to Craigellachie, B.C., left Kelowna at eight o'clock on a Friday morning in October, the eve of the Thanksgiving Day weekend. Signs told of the prospects ahead: "Massive Apple Sale," followed by an invitation to stop awhile at the "Abide With Inn."

I had flown to Kelowna after visiting the B.C. Archives in Victoria, where I'd thumbed through several boxes of Mallandaine memorabilia, each of them offering fresh insights into the remarkable family from which the Colonel, as he was known, had sprung. Old family letters, yellowed newspaper clippings, and poems pencilled on scraps of paper revealed to me a family possessed of alert intelligence, commercial shrewdness, and a talent for military leadership. These were qualities Edward would draw on throughout his life.

A Huguenot family, the Mallandaines had fled France with other Protestants in the seventeenth century. They landed in London's East End, where they fell into the busy life of the city's guild of master silk weavers. Edward's grandfather John joined the quasi-private army of Britain's East India Company, becoming military commander of Singapore. Edward's father was born in Malaya and learned architecture in England. After the death of his first wife and daughter, he sailed for the colony of Vancouver Island in 1858. Edward Mallandaine, Sr., prospered in Victoria, where he practised architecture. He married Louisa Townsend, an adventurous girl who came over on the S.S. *Tynemouth*, a bride ship bound for Victoria. Edward was the first of their five children, arriving on June 1, 1867, exactly one month before the birth of Canada.

Behaving himself at school was a bigger challenge for Edward than mastering his lessons. He would recall how he'd been taught by "a stern, fiery-tempered pioneer pedagogue" named John Pleace, who was continually after the boy for not keeping still in class. "One day I was dreaming of fishing or something equally remote from my studies," Mallandaine recalled in an interview with the *Vancouver Province* in 1929. "He lashed at me with his tongue. 'You bag of fleas,' — a favourite expression of his — 'You will never set the harbour on fire.'" Defying his master, he did exactly that by setting a box stuffed with oily rags alight on Victoria Harbour. Burning brightly, it lodged against the pier of a wooden bridge and threatened the entire structure before fishermen doused the flames. When Edward boasted of the feat to Pleace the next day, he got "one of the best floggings I ever had from him."

In 1885, with school and a few weeks of experience on a railway survey party behind him, Edward answered the call of the Northwest Rebellion, the abortive uprising of Métis leader Louis Riel. He was anxious to "fight the Indians" and set out by steamboat from Victoria to beat his way to the Prairie front lines. But the little steamer,

The ties that bind us

July 20, 1871 — British Columbia becomes Canada's sixth province on the condition it be linked with a transcontinental railway. Prime Minister John A. Macdonald promises to make it happen within ten years.

1873 — In a saga known as the Pacific Scandal, Macdonald is accused of taking bribes to award contracts for the construction of the railway. Macdonald is forced to resign on November 5, 1873, and loses the election that follows.

October 17, 1878 — Macdonald is re-elected and promises to complete the railway, which is now far behind schedule. Two years later, a group of businessmen form a syndicate to build the railway.

Adelaide, fought a losing struggle against the fierce current of the Fraser River Canyon and dumped Edward ashore while a forest fire raged along its banks. In a letter he wrote to a friend, Mallandaine recalled that he "walked through a blazing fringe of forest on either side of the road, having my hat burned and my hair very badly singed."

With a new-found friend, Edward rode by horse through Eagle Pass, where the railway navvies working their way up from the coast were punching a roadbed through the Monashee Mountains. In his letter, he said he was enthralled by the sight of the railway builders "hanging over the face of the cliff at Summit Lake, drilling holes in the face, and later to watch the blasts and hear the noise resembling thunder and see hundreds of tons of rock hurtling thro' the air." At Farwell, a few kilometres from where railway crews from east and west would soon join up, he found life exciting, especially on paydays. "What the gamblers and saloon men did not get, the women of the town did," he wrote. Farwell had more than a few of the establishments that Edward would later politely call "hostess houses."

He pressed on through the Rocky Mountains, but by the time Edward reached Golden, B.C., word came that the Riel Rebellion had been quashed. He returned by train to Farwell, where an unusual opportunity befell him just after his eighteenth birthday. There was no mail or express service between Farwell and Eagle Pass Landing on the western side of the Monashee Mountains, where the track crews coming up from the coast had set up their final encampment. Edward took on the job, his horse his only companion. Twice a week he would ride either way, "a very profitable and agreeable way of putting in the time." He was entertained by "numerous accidents, fights and rows and thrills every day — the medical men were kept busy."

Edward knew his business would die with the completion of the railway. "I got my affairs settled up and … on the afternoon of the 6th of November several of us left Farwell on a train consisting of engine and tender and three flat cars with the last load of rails bound for Craigellachie."

They had to endure a bitter night of driving snow. Edward, who was lying down on top of the steel rails, shivered with cold and was unable to sleep as the train travelled slowly over the rough roadbed. At dawn, it came to a stop, "where we knew not … and (we) managed to snatch a few hours sleep in a vacant boxcar." When Edward awoke, his boots sodden and clothes still damp, he emerged to

The other Last Spike

After the official Last Spike photo had been taken and the dignitaries had left, workers posed for their own ceremonial photograph on a section of track near Donald, B.C.

Taken by the same photographer who took the official picture, Alexander J. Ross, the photo stands as a reminder of the thousands of men who toiled under harsh and dangerous conditions to blast a transcontinental railway through

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the mountains. Workers often worked fourteen-hour days to complete the project, which took four years. There were hundreds of deaths, many of them among the 15,000 workers who had been recruited from China.

"Many millions of spikes were driven into the railroad ties by underpaid and undernourished workers, but none of them will be found in the circle of the famous at the driving of the last, 'golden,' spike," wrote labour activist Jack Scott in *Plunderbund & Proletariat* (New Star Books, Vancouver, 1975).

February 16, 1881 — The Canadian Pacific Railway is incorporated. A few months later, construction begins on the 2,900-kilometre project. But by the end of the season, only 211 kilometres are completed.

1882 — After key executives are fired, William Cornelius Van Horne, a brilliant American railroad manager, is offered a huge salary to oversee the project, which is plagued throughout with shortages of money and labour.

November 7, 1885 — In spite of many difficult challenges, the last spike of the railway linking east with west is driven at Craigellachie, B.C. The event becomes an enduring symbol of national unity.

REVELSTOKE MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES P5161

Colonel Edward Mallandaine (right) shaking hands with Lewis Davis (left) at Revelstoke's "Golden Spike Days" celebration in the mid-1940s. Lewis Davis portrayed Mallandaine in a re-enactment of the Last Spike ceremony.

the community celebration he was aware that everything had changed except one thing — the twin rails of steel that still reverberated to the daily pounding of heavy locomotives.

I saw mementos of all of this during a visit to the Revelstoke Museum. Later, on the drive to Craigellachie and the small park where a chalet-like hut sits alongside the historic stretch of track, I reflected on what had led Victorians like the Mallandaines to fling themselves around the world. I thought of my own extended family, whose members planted Argyle genes on virtually every continent. My father Percy Argyle came to Canada from England at fifteen and fought with the Canadian Mounted Rifles at Vimy Ridge. Like the Mallandaines, he sought to replace adversity at home with adventure and opportunity abroad.

Edward spent his final years as an architect, a farmer, and an insurance agent. He designed several

Craigellachie would be merely the first great adventure in the life of Edward Mallandaine.

find a lively crowd gathering for the ceremony. He knew many of them, and they gladly made room for the eager young man. Edward would later write of this day: "Quickly in a most workmanlike manner [Smith] drove the spike home, everybody cheered, the locomotives whistled and shrieked, several short speeches were made, hands were shaken. Thus was the Dominion of Canada bound and nailed together by bands of steel." It had all been carefully recorded in the picture, and young Edward had found his place in history.

Craigellachie would be merely the first great adventure in the life of Edward Mallandaine. He would fight the CPR over land rights and be forced to give the railway a half interest in the townsite he'd carved out for the new settlement of Creston, on condition that they build a station there. Then, in a remarkable switch, he'd take charge of the CPR's forestry and land operations in a large swath of British Columbia. As Creston grew, he'd serve the community in virtually every civic capacity — as reeve, magistrate, head of the board of trade, and chairman of the school board. He'd set up the town's waterworks and would pioneer the advent of irrigation, fruit farming, and wheat growing in the district. He would also marry teacher Jean Ramsay.

Having done all that, at an age when he was too old to be a fighting soldier, he became a captain with the Kootenay Regiment of the Canadian Army Forestry Corps, serving in England and France during the First World War. He remained active in the militia after the conflict and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1928.

In 1945, Mallandaine returned to Revelstoke for the sixtieth anniversary of the Last Spike. A schoolboy played his part in a Last Spike re-enactment and the Colonel enjoyed being the centre of attention. As he reigned over

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houses, including ours, and was convinced other builders would copy his sharply peaked roof. The Colonel died on August 3, 1949, after a long illness. He was eighty-two. His beloved Jean had died in 1943. They had no children.

The Mallandaines were buried in Creston's Pioneer Cemetery, on the hillside below the railway station that he had caused the CPR to build a half-century before. My mother rests there also. At the Colonel's death, I was close to the age he had been at Craigellachie. This fact is a reminder to me that Canada's entire history as a nation has unfolded, from Confederation to the age of terrorism, during the lifetimes of just the two of us. What took place at Craigellachie, I now realize, made possible the very survival of Canada.

Today's Canada is held together by forces that have long since replaced the railway. General Douglas MacArthur famously said: "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away." Colonel Edward Mallandaine will not fade from my memory, nor from the pages of Canada's history. The Last Spike picture that stilled the morning mist has seen to that.

Ray Argyle is a writer who lives in Toronto.

Listen to a podcast interview with writer Ray Argyle at TheBeaver.ca

Et Cetera

The Last Spike by Pierre Berton. McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto, 1971.

Web: virtualmuseum.ca/ Find the Getting Here From There display to hear audio of Mallandaine's reminiscences, as read by Jules Thomas.

Richard (Dick) Pound on

Tarnished gold

The struggle to rid sports of drugs continues, two decades after Canada's worst Olympic doping scandal.

If it seems to be too good to be true, perhaps it is. This certainly proved to be the case twenty years ago with Ben Johnson's extraordinary gold-medal and record-shattering performance in the 100-metre sprint at the Seoul Olympic Games in 1988 — a race that made him the world's fastest man.

I was there in the Olympic Stadium and watched as Johnson got off to his unorthodox, but lightning-fast start. He was known for his blistering starts, while his arch-rival, Carl Lewis of the United States, was known for his powerful finishes, blowing past his opponents in the last thirty or forty metres. Everyone knew the dynamic of the race — could Johnson hold off Lewis long enough to win?

CORBIS

Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson raises his hand in victory after capturing the gold medal in the 100-metre sprint during the 1988 Seoul Olympic Games.

Johnson's start was as expected, and in a 100-metre race it was felt it would keep him in the lead for the first half, after which the gap would be inexorably shortened as the taller, longer-striding Lewis got fully into gear. As the race unfolded, however, it was clear something extraordinary was happening.

The gap was not narrowing.

Johnson remained comfortably ahead of Lewis after seventy and then eighty metres. With the arrogant confidence of sprinters who are accustomed to differences of thousandths of seconds, Johnson then raised his arm in victory well before the finish line and eased off, while still setting an extraordinary world record of 9.79 seconds.

Only later did the heady wine of an Olympic championship turn to vinegar.

It was a day and a half later. My wife and I had been to the diving event, and were slated to lunch with the members of the board of directors of one of our sponsors and their wives at the International Olympic Committee hotel. When we arrived, a visibly agitated Juan Antonio Samaranch, the IOC president, asked me if I had heard "the news." I had not.

"What is it," I asked. "It is terrible," he replied.

"Has someone died?" I asked. "It is worse," he said, "Ben Johnson has tested positive!"

The lunch seemed endless, especially as the guests — unaware of the impending disaster — constantly congratulated us, as Canadians, on Johnson's victory. As soon as we could escape, I called our chef de mission. I wanted to know what they were planning to do. They had no idea and wanted to come to my hotel.

The situation was particularly ominous. In those days, before major progress in detection methods, it was far more likely that tests would fail to identify some of the drugs being used than it was that they would be detected. But, if the testers had found something, it was all but certain that it was in the athlete's system.

Indications from the Seoul laboratory were that the substance was stanozolol, an anabolic steroid. My sense of foreboding was heightened during the meeting in my room when Johnson's coach, Charlie Francis, expressed surprise that the drug appeared to be stanozolol. Francis said that he did not want his athletes using stanozolol on race days because it tightened them up — and he wanted them loose!

When the team officials asked me to help (as, I suppose, the only Canadian lawyer in Seoul) I explained that I had a conflict of interest, since I was a member of the IOC executive board that might have to disqualify Johnson the following day. The officials said that was fine, all they wanted was to make sure Johnson got a full hearing in front of the IOC Medical Commission, which would make the final recommendation regarding any disqualification.

I said I would help, but that I wanted to talk to Johnson myself. If he acknowledged that he was guilty, I was not willing to be part of trying to cover up the guilt. Johnson was delivered to the hotel

lobby. My wife went to collect him and get him away from the journalists, who were beginning to sense that there was a big story — they were not sure exactly what — in the offing. I took Johnson aside in the bathroom, just the two of us and said, "Ben, are you 'on' anything?"

He assured me that he was not and that he did not really understand what was going on. I told him that the situation was extremely serious and that unless there had been an analytical error or some other mistake, it would be very difficult for him.

Back in the room with the Canadian team officials, we struggled to see what avenues of defence might be open and gradually crossed them off as hopeless. The sample had been properly collected. The chain of custody was simple and intact. The "B" sample had been analyzed and had confirmed the "A" sample. There was no scientific basis for challenging the analysis.

All athletes are responsible for whatever is found in their systems. The only hope was that perhaps he had been sabotaged after the race, a situation that was impossible to prove, since he had been chaperoned from the time he finished the race until the time he provided the urine sample. We ended up with only the weakest of arguments — that there had been confusion and unauthorized people in the doping control station, and therefore there could be no assurance that someone had not tampered with the beverage Johnson consumed while waiting to provide his sample.

That evening we appeared before the IOC Medical Commission to make our submissions. They pointed out that not only had the second laboratory analysis confirmed the presence of stanozolol, but also that there was evidence of repeated drug use.

This, they said, was not a first-time occasion. The commission said it would recommend to the IOC's executive board the following morning that Johnson be disqualified and that his medal be returned. The executive board accepted the recommendation. The disqualification was pronounced, the medal was returned and Johnson left Seoul immediately — having gone from Olympic hero to villain in forty-eight hours.

It was such a depressing experience that, even though I particularly enjoy track and field competitions at the Olympic Games, I could not bring myself to return to the stadium for several days thereafter.

There were many extraordinary aspects of the Seoul Games, including the fact that they were successfully held in a divided country, but for me — and for many Canadians — the principal memory remains the national pain of a Canadian athlete imploding in front of the entire world. It also made it clear that Canada was not immune to the doping problem in sport and that we would have to intensify the fight to keep Canadian sport "clean."

The fight against the global problem of doping in sport continues. Tests are more sophisticated and more widely performed, but those who organize the cheating have also become more sophisticated, so the cat-and-mouse game persists — although the gap between the perpetrators and the testers is gradually closing. In Churchillian terms, in this particular struggle, we are not at the end, nor even at the beginning of the end, but we are at the end of the beginning.

The Olympic ideal of fair play is unique in the world of sport and represents a goal that will always be difficult to achieve. Cheating betrays the participants, the spectators, sport and, most of all, the cheaters themselves. Developing the mindset that cheating ruins sport for everyone is particularly challenging. What sets the Olympics apart, however, is that we constantly strive to achieve the ideal.

Canadian Olympian Richard (Dick) Pound is a long-standing member of the International Olympic Committee and former chairman of the Montreal-based World Anti-Doping Agency. He is also a board member of Canada's National History Society.

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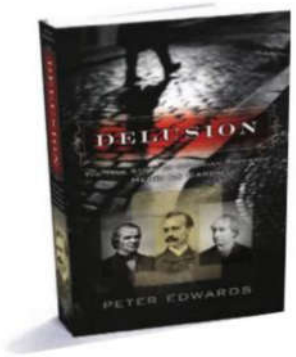
BY BOB CARSON.

Reviews



Man of Mystery

Delusion: The True Story of Victorian Superspy Henri Le Caron
by Peter Edwards
Key Porter Books, Toronto, 2008
344 pp., illus., $32.95 hardcover

There may be no more fascinating, enigmatic, and simultaneously despised character in Canadian history than Henri Le Caron. During the span of his mysterious life he was alternately a U.S. Army officer, medical doctor, Irish revolutionary, bodysnatcher, businessman, loving family man, and, for twenty years, a master spy and informer for the fledgling Canadian intelligence service.

Peter Edwards, a reporter for the *Toronto Star*, has written a fascinating and highly readable biography of Le Caron's life and times. In his book *Delusion*, Edwards has gone beyond the boundaries of a conventional biography to paint a vivid picture of notable personalities and events in the Victorian Empire and United States of the late nineteenth century.

While Le Caron's exploits revolved around the machinations of the Irish revolutionary movement in North America, his activities had secondary involvements with a virtual who's who of characters, such as Louis Riel, Sir John A. Macdonald, Archbishop Alexandre Taché, U.S. presidents Andrew Johnson and Benjamin Harrison, and Irish nationalist Charles Stewart Parnell. Others who make cameo appearances in this tale include Jack the Ripper, Oscar Wilde, Queen Victoria, James McNeill Whistler, William Butler Yeats, Karl Marx's daughter, and even a teenaged Winston Churchill.

Born into a large working-class British family, Thomas Beach was a restless, adventurous child. After several near disasters in Paris and Great Britain, he migrated to the United States for the express purpose of fighting in the Civil War. Enlisting as "Henri Le Caron," he saw significant action in the U.S. Army and rose to the rank of major.

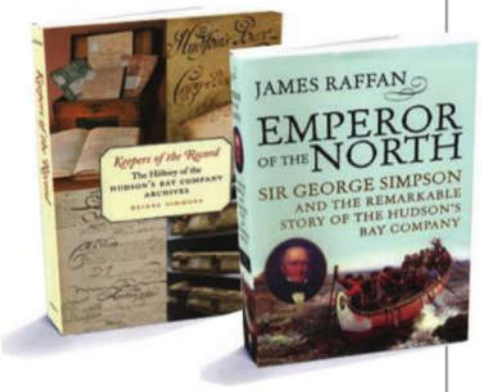
After the war, one of his Union Army comrades became a leader in the Fenian, or Irish revolutionary, movement and invited Le Caron to join him. Le Caron's estranged father encouraged him to meet with government officials in Great Britain, and ultimately Le Caron became a member of the Irish revolutionary movement and a paid informer for his native country and his Queen. After twenty years of danger and double-dealing, he was forced to reveal himself at the stunning trial of Parnell, the charismatic Irish leader who would fall from grace as a result of the very public court proceedings.

While I applaud Edwards' skill at weaving a rousing narrative, I have reservations about his treatment of the Irish leaders. As in most revolutionary societies, the methods of the Fenian Brotherhood and Clan-na-Gael were crude and desperate, but their courage and commitment were unquestionable. To some they were terrorists; to others they were valiant freedom fighters. Edwards tends to portray Irish leaders like General John O'Neill, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, and John Devoy as drunkards, buffoons, or, at best, deluded radicals.

The Irish revolutionary movements of the late nineteenth century were serious and formidable political forces that laid the foundation for the 1916 Easter Rising, and ultimately for the emergence of the Republic of Ireland in the twentieth century. I highly recommend that any reader interested in a different perspective on Irish revolutionary leaders consult Thomas Keneally's excellent book, *The Great Shame* (Anchor Books, 2000).

Despite my differences with Peter Edwards on his treatment of Irish revolutionaries, I congratulate him on creating an entertaining book that reads more like a novel than a work of non-fiction. In *Delusion*, he successfully brings Henri Le Caron out of the shadows of history so that readers can decide for themselves if he was one of North America's greatest liars and scoundrels or one of the new Dominion of Canada's first heroes.

Reviewed by **P.G. Smith**, author of "War at the Border" in the October/November 2007 issue of *The Beaver*.


Keepers of the Record
JAMES RAFFAN
EMPEROR OF THE NORTH
SIR GEORGE SIMPSON AND THE REMARKABLE STORY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Devil in the Details

Emperor of the North: Sir George Simpson & the Remarkable Story of the Hudson's Bay Company
by James Raffan
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2007
484 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

Keepers of the Record: The History of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives
By Deidre Simmons
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2007
384 pp., illus., $80 hardcover

After reading James Raffan's biography of Sir George Simpson, I didn't know whether to like or dislike the Hudson's Bay Company's legendary governor. It seems Raffan felt this way, too, for he portrayed the stout little charismatic Scotsman, who almost immediately transformed the floundering fur enterprise into a solid business empire, as a man who possessed some disturbingly low qualities.

In an author's note to *Emperor of the North*, Raffan says: "I'll have to admit that some days I was not a fan of Sir George,

especially when it came to his treatment of women and his underlings, and particularly of his cousin Thomas." (The book weighs the arguments over whether Simpson was responsible for the murder of his cousin — a mystery that remains unresolved to this day.)

Raffan, an expert canoeist and curator of the Canadian Canoe Museum, developed an interest in Simpson after learning that the governor — along with the voyageurs who did the actual paddling — holds the record for the longest canoe trip completed in a single season, a record that stands to this day. Raffan ended up writing a balanced, well-documented, yet engaging and colourful story of a man who has no less than ninety-two Canadian geographical features named after him.

The bastard son of a lawyer, Simpson is depicted as a fireball of energy fuelled by the desire to overcome the embarrassment of his origins in a society where pedigree was everything. He sired many of his own illegitimate children — no one knows how many — and referred to his aboriginal country wives as "bits of brown."

Yet the aboriginal hunters, the Métis, and the voyageurs who tirelessly carried him up and down the country in their *canots du nord* evidently held the "emperor" in high esteem. Unlike some of his nineteenth-century contemporaries, he listened to them and negotiated with them on their own terms, even if he secretly did not consider them his equals.

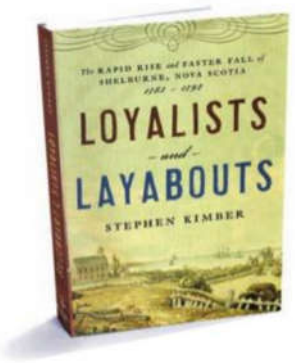
A genius for detail who could always keep the big picture in focus, Simpson not only brought together a massively spread-out business enterprise, but was the de facto government presence in an immense territory over which Britain had only a tenuous hold. As Raffan perhaps reluctantly admits, "George Simpson should be counted among Canada's founding fathers."

Raffan's book would not have been possible had the Hudson's Bay Company not kept meticulous records almost from its founding in 1670. The story of these archives, which came to Winnipeg from London in six twenty-tonne containers in 1974 and today fill a cold-storage vault in the Manitoba Archives Building, is told in *Keepers of the Record* by Deidre Simmons.

Normally, this sort of subject would appeal only to specialists in the field. But anyone with even a casual interest will find Simmons' writing accessible. She draws out quirky details. For instance, the hapless clerks — on whose shoulders much of the day-to-day record-keeping fell — toiled away in the windswept, winter darkness of their Hudson Bay posts and were repeatedly frustrated by the problem of frozen ink.

The motivation behind the company's unusually well-kept records was not so much the recording of history as the preservation of evidence to fight frequent lawsuits. The Hudson's Bay Company thereby acquired a mass of historical material that is in the same league as the archives of the Vatican.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the associate editor of *The Beaver* and an avid canoeist who paddles some of the same waterways travelled by the Bay men.



Loyalty's Bitter Reward

Loyalists and Layabouts: The Rapid Rise and Faster Fall of Shelburne, Nova Scotia: 1783–1792
by Stephen Kimber
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2008
352 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

More than eight years after the battles of Concord and Lexington, the American Revolution finally came to an end in November 1783, with the British reluctantly agreeing to recognize American independence. For those who remained loyal to the king, this was the worst possible conclusion to what had been a long and bitter struggle. Their loyalty cost them dearly: many were estranged from family and friends; their land, homes, and businesses were confiscated and their lives threatened.

As early as 1776, refugees began streaming into New York City, one of the last British strongholds in the American colonies. By 1782, Manhattan was crowded with a desperate multitude seeking a safe British haven where they could begin rebuilding their shattered lives. With its deep harbour and proximity to Halifax and New England, Port Roseway (now

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known as Shelburne) on Nova Scotia's south shore seemed to be the ideal choice.

In *Loyalists and Layabouts*, Stephen Kimber tells the fascinating, little-known story of the Loyalists' dream of building a "new and better New York" on the shores of Port Roseway harbour, and of that dream's subsequent unravelling.

Contrary to popular belief, the Loyalists were not all aristocrats; nor were they all white. They were, as Kimber explains, "a mixed bag: men, women, children, black, white, British, American, aristocrats and artisans, politicians and preachers, merchants, mariners, soldiers and soldiers of fortune, hustlers and hangers-on, slaves and slave owners, recently freed blacks and not-so-freed 'servants.'"

Part of what makes Shelburne's story so compelling is that Kimber tells it with intertwining narratives about a wide cross-section of Loyalist society, including the town's deputy surveyor Benjamin Marston, former slaves Boston King and David George, as well as better-known figures such as Sir Guy Carleton and Nova Scotia Governor John Parr.

The theme of disappointment and disillusionment runs throughout the book. The Loyalists were plagued by disease and disaster. The land they settled on was infertile and the climate inhospitable. Their requests for compensation were denied. Their rations were cut.

The lot of the black Loyalists was much worse than that of the whites. In addition to being granted the worst land and the fewest rations, the blacks were often beaten, threatened, and run out of town. "And for all the lofty talk of freedom during the revolution," Kimber writes, "the everyday life of most freed blacks in Shelburne remained anything but free — or equal." Which explains why when John Clarkson, a member of the anti-slavery movement, arrived in town to recruit for a back-to-Africa expedition, more than 500 people signed up.

Sadly, however, the dream of a better life in Sierra Leone turned out to be as improbable as that of building in Shelburne a thriving community on what "was nothing more than a spit of rocky shoreline bordered by impenetrable forest and icy water."

Impeccable research, along with Kimber's eye for detail and engaging style, make *Loyalists and Layabouts* a must-read.

Reviewed by **Joyce Glasner**, a Halifax-based freelance writer and author. Her most recent book is *Pirates and Privateers* (Altitude, 2005).

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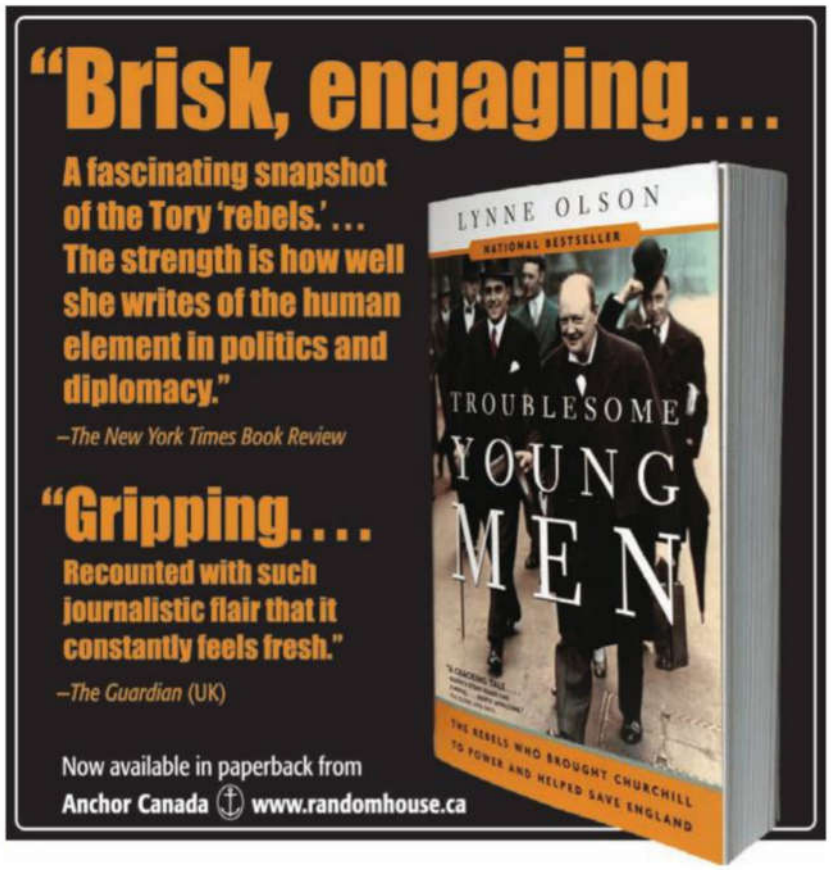
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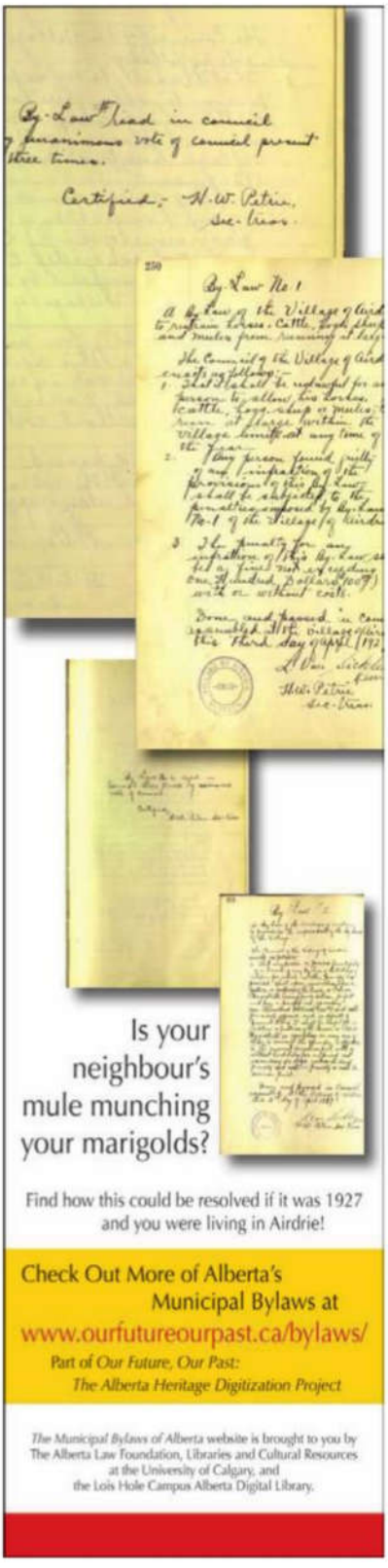
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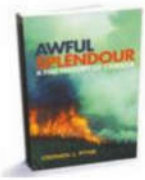
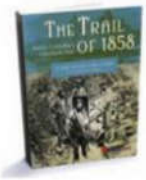


Awful Splendour: A Fire History of Canada
by Stephen J. Pyne
UBC Press, Vancouver, 2008
584 pp., illus., $34.95
paperback

Canada is transfixed by fire each summer, consumed with the seemingly destructive nature of forest fires. As part of the excellent Nature, History, Society series from UBC Press, aptly named environmental historian Stephen Pyne explores how people in Canada have shaped the fires that rage through the country's forests.

Pyne has ignited his full literary and historical flare in *Awful Splendour* and provides a rich history of Canada's forests. As he explains, a "red maple leaf may decorate its national flag, but a crimson crown fire swelling through its boreal conifers would be a more apt symbol of what makes Canada biotically majestic."

An American historian, Pyne has explored fire history around the world. It is timely and fortunate to have such an eminent historian turn his attention north. **— J.R.**



The Trail of 1858: British Columbia's Gold Rush Past
by Mark Forsythe and Greg Dickson
Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, B.C., 2007
224 pp., illus., $26.95
paperback

It was a typically dreary West Coast November day. It was cold. It rained. The exact date was November 19, 1858. On that fateful day 150 years ago, Governor James Douglas travelled to the then-remote outpost of Fort Langley to hastily proclaim the new province of British Columbia.

B.C. was the product of fear — fear that the region would be overwhelmed by the gold-lusting miners flooding into the Fraser River Valley; fear that the United States would gobble up the territory as it fulfilled its "manifest destiny."

In *The Trail of 1858: British Columbia's Gold Rush Past*, Mark Forsythe and Greg Dickson take us back to a time when fortune seemingly beckoned from every river and stream — a time of gold fever, hangin' judges, and a convergence of cultures that would one day meld into the modern, multicultural, and cosmopolitan province we know today.

As the good citizens of B.C. celebrate this fall, they should also read *The Trail of 1858*, and then hoist a glass to the many colourful characters that came before them, lured by dreams of striking the motherlode. **— M.R.**

Those Earlier Hills: Reminiscences 1928 to 1961
by R.M. Patterson
TouchWood Editions, Surrey, B.C., 2008
176 pp., illus., $24.95
hardcover

Naturalist R.M. Patterson is widely known among backwoods canoeists and dreamers of wilderness adventure, both for his travels and for his writings on the Nahanni River.

He was more than a paddler of northern rivers; for over thirty years he travelled extensively throughout the West and wrote fascinating chronicles of those experiences. *Those Earlier Hills*, a collection of stories representing Patterson's contributions to *The Beaver* over several decades, will enthrall and entertain anyone interested in armchair exploration of the Canadian wilderness.

Patterson tells of his travels and of the few characters he met in what were then extremely remote parts of Canada. One of the old-timers he

admired and wrote about, Albert Faille, on at least two occasions spent two years on the Nahanni without seeing a living soul. As someone who has followed some of the same routes as Patterson, I know that today you would be hard-pressed to find the solitude and untouched wilderness revealed in *Those Earlier Hills.* **— Ian McKelvie**

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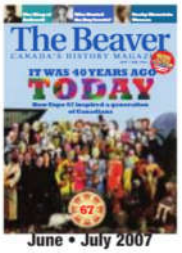

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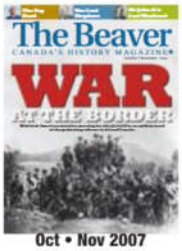

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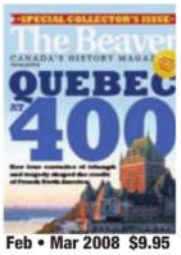

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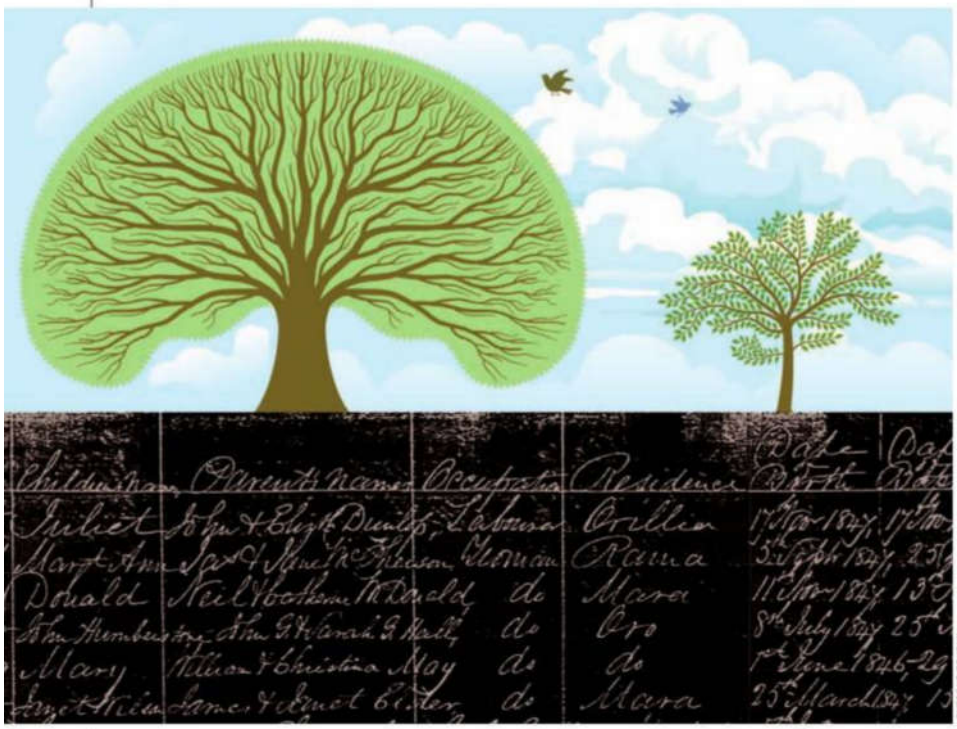
Roots

For the record

Smart genealogists put it all on paper, says Fraser Dunford.



MICHEL GROLEAU

As you research your ancestors, you will go back only a few generations before you run out of "hard" evidence.

Registration of births, marriages, and deaths did not occur in Ontario, for instance, until 1869, and most genealogists do not regard those records as complete until after 1900. Many parts of Canada did not have permanent churches until the 1850s, and so there may not be church records.

You will soon run into scanty records, dubious information, and conflicting data. I have eight different official documents that indicate the birth year of one of my great-great-grandparents (John Hamlin), giving me a choice of six different years. How can we deal with something like that?

Genealogists use a process called preponderance of evidence — a term borrowed from the legal system — to analyze and weigh data. The process takes into account the number of documents, the confidence we can put in each one, and the likelihood of more or better information yet to be found.

A beginning genealogist will not have to worry about preponderance of evidence, but needs to be aware that it exists, because the day will come when it will be needed.

Another basic guideline is: Keep good records.

No matter how you do your searches, they take valuable time. A common search involves seeking a particular family name in a certain set of data, such as a census. However, if you are searching for Brown, did you also search for Browne? How about Breon or Brun? How many ways can you spell (and misspell) Brown?

Many of our ancestors were not terribly literate and certainly did not have a great interest in consistent spelling. Accents and foreign languages also caused confusion.

Since our ancestors often could not read or write, officials had to do it for them, and recorded what they heard. My Payne ancestors were frequently recorded in Ontario records as Pine — obvious if you know that they spoke in a broad Wiltshire accent. They probably did not see what the official wrote down, and if they did, they may not have been able to recognize the spelling difference.

Meanwhile, if you are searching a church register, how many years did you search? If you have a guessed birth date, it is common practice to search for five years on either side. If you don't find the christening, do you conclude that the child was not christened?

And what if, years later, some new information indicates that you have to search that church register again? What part do you search? You cannot answer this question unless you carefully recorded your findings during your earlier search.

> "Every genealogist regrets poor notes; a good genealogist regrets it far less frequently."

Every genealogist regrets poor notes; a good genealogist regrets it far less frequently.

Professional genealogists keep a log in which they record in detail every set of data they examine, where they found that data, what they found, and — equally important — what they did not find. Beginning genealogists should do the same. Professional genealogists tend to prefer keeping their records on paper because it leaves a better trail than electronic record keeping. And all good genealogists make photocopies of every relevant document whenever they possibly can.

Keeping good records leads to another rule: Cite your sources.

This is a complex subject and a favourite topic of argument among genealogists, but for the beginner, the rule is simple: record enough information that you or anyone else can quickly and easily get back to the specific source.

So far, I have said nothing about the Internet or computers. There is a good reason: neither has any role to play in the beginnings of your genealogical research. Start by talking to people, not a computer.

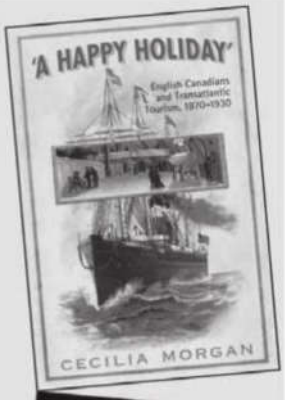
The Internet is a wide sea, but painfully, painfully shallow. Be particularly skeptical of genealogies created by others, since they are notorious for errors, sloppiness, and outright lies.

"No citation, no acceptance" should be your guide. As a beginner, you should even be careful with images of original documents. Do you really know what you are seeing?

There are about a dozen good genealogical programs, each with its own style. But as a beginner, you do not know which style suits you best. Save yourself some grief — use a pencil and paper for the first hundred of your ancestors, and then start searching for a computer program that can assist your research. You will be more likely to find a program that helps, rather than hinders you.

Have a question about genealogy? Email it to: roots@historysociety.ca. Our experts will try to answer selected questions from readers like you.

Dr. Fraser Dunford is a professional engineer and a former university academic and administrator. In his second career, he is a professional genealogist and the executive director of the Ontario Genealogical Society. He is the author of several books on genealogy.



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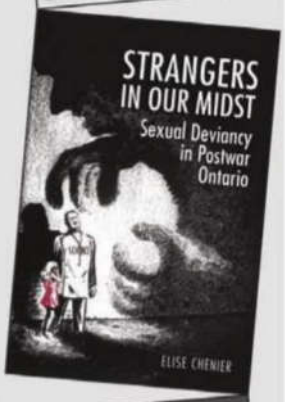

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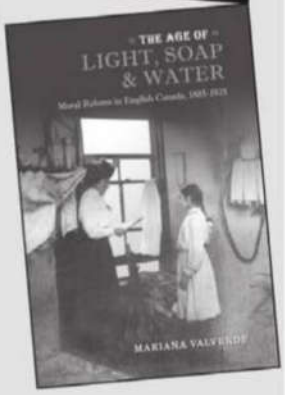

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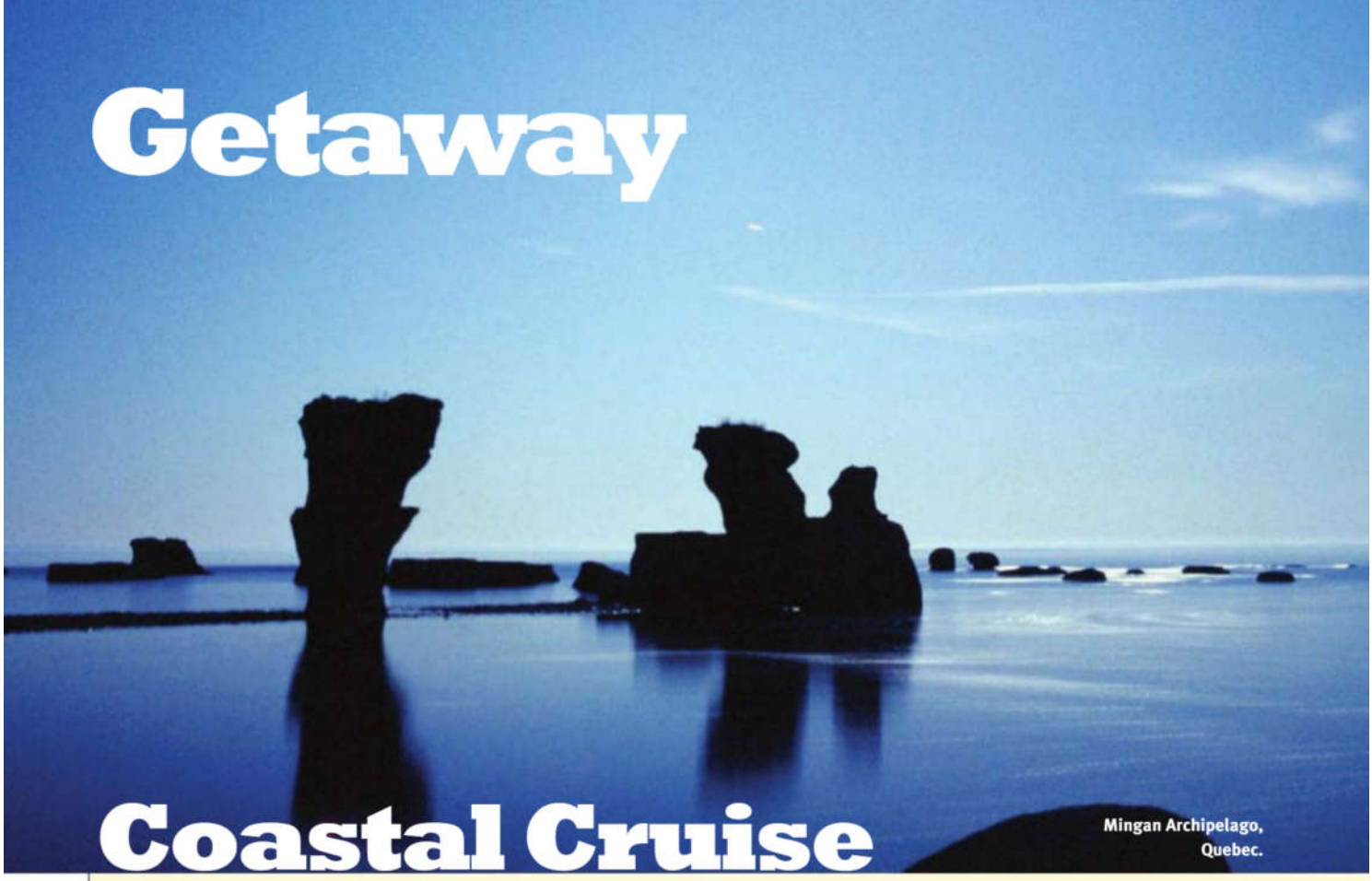


Coastal Cruise

Mingan Archipelago, Quebec.

Katherine McIntyre explores the heritage and rugged beauty of 'the land God gave Cain.'

It's the end of June, and flecks of snow dust the craggy coastline of Quebec's North Shore.

Our plane lands near the rugged little village of Blanc-Sablon, just as the sun is setting in a blaze of oranges and reds.

The brightly lit *Nordik Express* — a solid freighter and passenger ship — is moored and waiting for us at the village wharf. Giant cranes heave everything from televisions to refrigerators into the ship's hold, to be disgorged later at one of the isolated coastal villages in the extreme northeastern region of Quebec, more than thirteen hundred kilometres from the province's capital.

Boarding the ship as economy tourists, we struggle down four flights of narrow, white iron stairs to the bottom deck. Usually there are between forty and seventy sleep-in passengers in various categories of cabins at any one time.

The ship begins its round trip from Rimouski, on the south coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Plying its way across to the Lower North Shore, it brings the essentials of life to coastal communities. No roads join these villages, so the coasters (people who live on the Lower North Shore) go by boat to visit friends up and down the coast. In the winter, they communicate by the "White Highway" — one of the longest snowmobile trails in the world.

The North Shore was once the hunting ground of the Inuit, Montagnais, and Naskapi. Vikings settled here for a brief period in the eleventh century. Five hundred years later, Jacques Cartier – the famed early French explorer — described its barren granite coast as "the land God gave to Cain."

Blanc-Sablon, Quebec

KATHERINE MCINTYRE

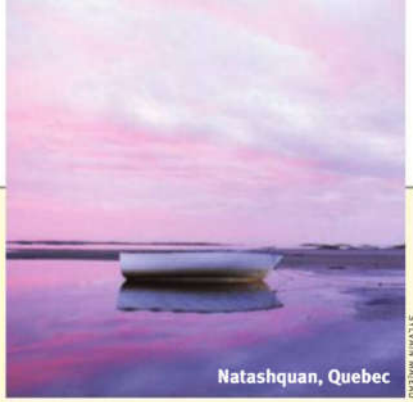
A hundred years before Cartier, Basque whalers from Spain and France were vying for whaling sites to turn whale blubber into oil for the lamps of Europe. When word came back from the New World that the waters around the north coast were teeming with cod, fishermen from England, France, Spain, and Portugal replaced the whalers. By the end of the seventeeth century, fishermen and seal hunters were living in North America's first villages.

Now, about six thousand coasters — a mix of French, English, Irish, and indigenous peoples — still try to make a living from the dwindling fish stocks.

Montrealer Carmen Monetta is typical of the passengers that tour on the *Nordik Express*.

"The cruise is very popular with Québécois," she says. "We like the north and the outdoors. You have to reserve a year in advance to get the best cabins."

As the ship cuts through the waves, we scan the water for whales, icebergs, and seabirds. The weather changes by


Natashquan, Quebec

SYLVAIN WALEAU

the minute, from cold drizzle and fog to brilliant periods of sunshine and blue skies.

With each onshore stop, we are treated to a taste of the local history of the region.

Brian Evans, the mayor, judge, and social worker of the village of La Tabatière, meets us at the village wharf.

"The native Montagnais were the original inhabitants of La Tabatière" he explains. "The name means sorcerer, as they always consulted a sorcerer before they went into the forest to hunt." Once known as the best seal-hunting spot on the coast, the village still looks much the same as it did around 1830, when the painter and naturalist John J. Audubon sailed into its harbour to sketch the water birds. In his diary, Audubon noted: "Samuel Robertson, the most important landowner, has a vegetable garden, a library, a wine and cheese cellar and receives the newspaper on a regular basis."

In addition, Robertson maintained the largest seal-hunting operation on the North Shore. Old black iron pots, used to render seal blubber into oil, can still be seen at the remnants of the Robertson factory at Spar Point.

From Tête-à-la-Baleine, Keith Kippen's speedy launch whisks us to Île Providence. We hike up a rocky path to the lonely, windswept, century-old Chapel of Sainte-Anne. Restored after years of neglect, it's said to be the only church in the world that has a lobster pot and a lobster net for an altar.

Cloudberry tarts and strong, hot coffee wait for us in the tidy bed and breakfast and interpretation centre in the former priest's quarters at the back of the church.

We discover that William Kanty, from Jersey, part of Britain's Channel Islands, bought the archipelago from the bankrupt Labrador Trading Company when the fisheries failed in 1820. Other French families from Jersey, and French Canadians from the South Shore of the St. Lawrence River, soon followed, making it one of only three Francophone communities on the Lower North Shore. In the early days, the villagers moved to the outer islands to be closer to the cod fishing grounds. This annual summer migration became known as *transhumance*. Although cod fishing has ended, the villagers still migrate out to their camps when the weather turns warm.

Down the shore, Harrington Harbour — perched on a treeless island nineteen kilometres out to sea — had its brief moment of fame a few years ago. With its pastel-painted houses and wooden streets, it became the setting for the award-winning 2003 movie *Seducing Dr. Lewis*. "We all wanted to be in the movie," said Keith Russell, our tour leader, as he guided us through the displays in Howell House, the oldest house on the island and the local interpretation centre.

Suddenly, the horn of the *Nordik Express* sounds its call for passengers to return. Our time here is over all too soon.

Back on board, the evening menu abounds with gourmet dinners of lobster, salmon, roast beef, blueberry pie, mousses, and tarts. The rugged, rocky scenery is mesmerizing.

Someday, there may be a road between the villages on the Lower North Shore, but right now, time stands still as the coasters try to make a living — just as their ancestors did here centuries ago.

Katherine McIntyre is a freelance writer who combines travel writing with Canadian history.

SYLVAIN WALEAU

If you go...

By Car: From Quebec City to Rimouski via the South Shore: Cross the St. Lawrence River by bridge on Hwy 73, continue south to exit 312, east on Hwy 20 to exit 514, continue east on Hwy 132. The journey is about 300 kilometres. From Quebec City to Rimouski via the North Shore: Take Route 138 east to Forestville and the ferry across the river to Rimouski.
By air: From Quebec City to Sept-Îles, then to Blanc-Sablon, or from Quebec City to Mont-Joli by car to Rimouski.

Relais Nordik Inc.'s *Nordik Express* serves all the villages of the Lower North Shore (Basse-Côte-Nord) from Rimouski (Lower St. Lawrence Region) through to Blanc Sablon, Sept-Îles and Anticosti Island on a weekly basis from April to January. Some stops are made at night. Vehicles and watercraft carried are in containers. Reservations required.

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Your Story

Happy Birthday(s), Sam Steele

Murray Cayley reveals the larger-than-life Mountie as a man of many birth dates. But which is the right one?

Samuel Benfield Steele's shadow towers over Canadian history. Joining the North West Mounted Police in 1873, his service in the Yukon and British Columbia — particularly during the Klondike Gold Rush — helped form the legendary image of the Canadian Mountie that persists to this day.

Widely regarded as Canada's most famous policeman, Steele would likely have appreciated the sleuthing required to solve the long-standing mystery of his true birth date. Incredibly, that date has erroneously appeared in publications, on websites and commemorative plaques — even on his gravestone in Winnipeg — for nearly a hundred years!

How did this egregious error come to light?

It all began in May 2000, when the Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) regiment launched a Canadian tour to celebrate its centennial.

The original unit was raised in the West and commanded by Steele in 1900. To honour Steele, the regiment planned to conclude its tour in July 2000 with a visit to Orillia and Oro-Medonte Township, in south-central Ontario, along with a grand parade on the farm adjoining Sam Steele's birthplace of Purbrook.

As the organizer of the local events, I wanted to see a new, accurate, and more complete memorial to Steele added to that site to commemorate the regiment's centennial visit.

Sam Steele states in his autobiography, *Forty Years in Canada*, that he was born January 5, 1849. Steele's gravestone in Winnipeg also reads 1849. However, biographer Robert Stewart, in *Sam Steele: Lion of the Frontier*, uses January 5, 1851. Other sources show 1852 and even 1853!

We certainly couldn't put four different dates on the memorial. This was definitely a case that needed solving.

Research revealed that Elmes Steele, Sam Steele's father, donated land for St. George's Church, Fairvalley, in Oro-Medonte, Ontario, in the 1830s. This church still has an active congregation. Sam was born literally across the road at the family farm in Purbrook. Unfortunately, we could not locate any church records prior to 1861.

Samuel Benfield Steele, circa 1900.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/ PA-025147

Local residents long believed earlier records were lost either in a fire in the original log church or in the basement of the house of St. George's first pastor, Rev. George Hallen. While I later discovered that the church had been torn down, and not burnt, it still seemed like I had hit a dead end.

Suddenly, however, I came upon a new lead in the case.

Current St. George's churchwarden Don Walker and his wife Mildred called a local historian, Mary Garbutt, who said that while conducting research for a book on the area's settlers she had not only seen Sam Steele's birth record, but also his baptism record and his parents' marriage record in the archives at St. James Anglican Church in Orillia.

A quick call to the church confirmed that the ledger, from 1843 forward, was in the St. James vault.

On the morning of January 25, 2000 — with unsteady hands and bated breath — I opened the brittle but well-preserved 1840s St. James Church ledger, which, it turned out, also contained entries from St. George's Church, Fairvalley. Leafing through the browned pages, I soon found the entries for the birth of Samuel Benfield Steele — January 5, 1848 — as well as for his baptism — February 20, 1848. Elmes Steele had signed both dates. I also saw his parents' marriage record, dated April 8, 1847.

Seeing these simple ledger entries, I had the thrill of discovery as well as the satisfaction of making a contribution to the nation the likes of which very few are ever privileged to experience. It wasn't climbing Mount Everest, but it was every bit as thrilling an experience.

We immediately sent signed photocopies of these documents to a host of interested parties, including the Historic Sites and Monuments Board, the National War Museum, the Strathcona Regiment, and Steele's biographer, Robert Stewart.

The Department of National Defence, with generous support from their Millennium Fund, then made possible a new memorial stone, which now stands at Steele's home site.

The question remained, however — why had there been so much confusion surrounding Steele's true date of birth?

Perhaps Steele altered his birth date in his own records in 1914, in order to appear to be under the age of 65 when, at 66, he might have been considered too old to accompany the troops to Europe in the First World War. It's also possible that Steele, when writing his autobiography, simply lost track of the correct date amongst the various changes that were made.

Regardless, it took some time for established institutions to recognize the primary source documents, and by 2006 little had changed in any online or printed documents.

Wishing to gently prod the process forward, we contacted — with the assistance of the Orillia Museum of Art & History — Vicki Steenhorst at Library and Archives Canada.

We sent Steenhorst signed certificates of Steele's birth and baptism records. As e-mails flew between us, she wrote, "As you can imagine, this change would be very far-reaching in [Library and Archives Canada's] sources and indexes."

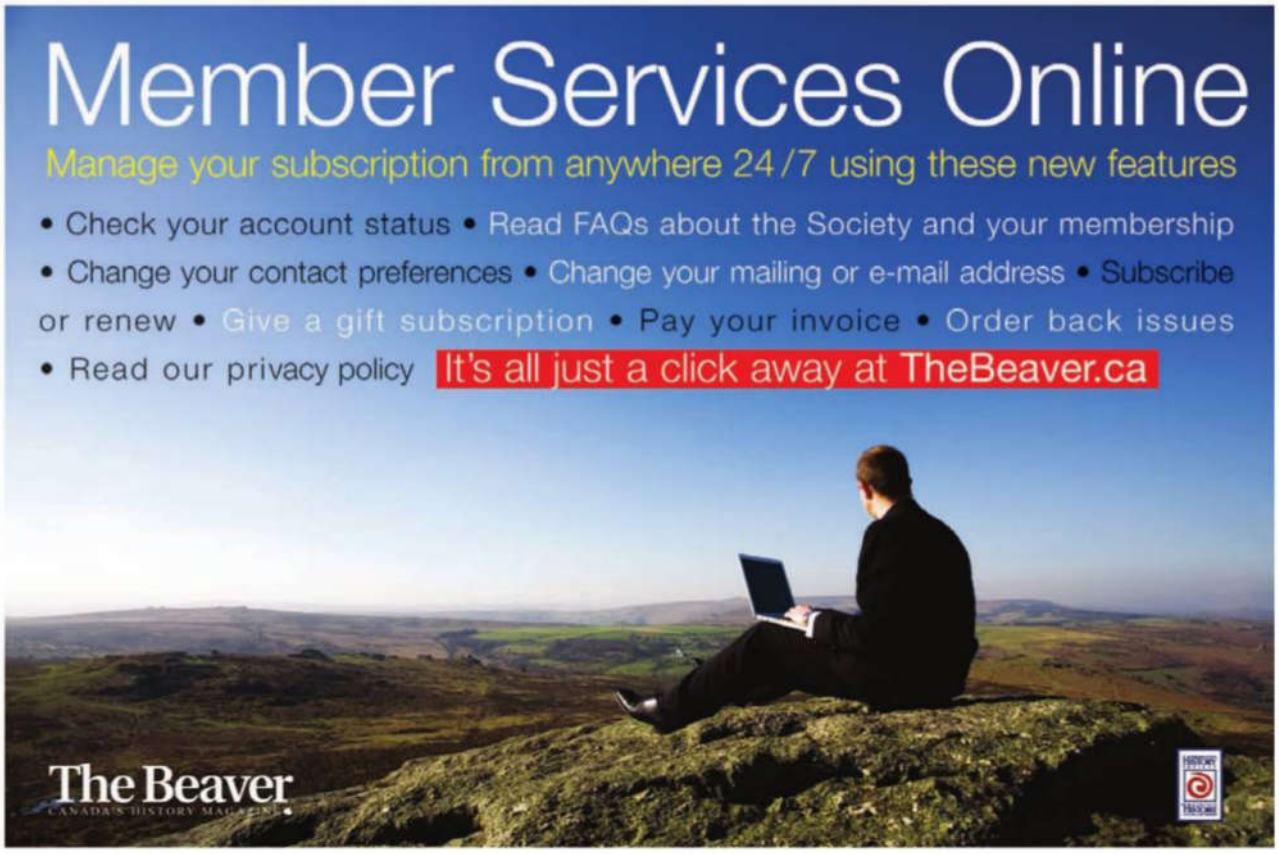
Less than a week after sending the documents to Steenhorst, she contacted the Library of Congress in Washington to alert them of the need to update their authority files. Ten days later, Steenhorst wrote us with the good news: "Just thought that you would like to know that the Library of Congress has, with amazing speed, changed the dates in the heading for Sam Steele, and that our changes are all in the works."

I began the search for Sam Steele's correct birth date simply to make sure we left no gap in the historical record at Fairvalley. The further I delved into the mystery, however, the more personally important it became for me to set the record straight. As one of Canada's finest heroes, Steele deserved this.

The one thing about which there can no longer be any doubt: Sam Steele, Canadian legend, was born on January 5, 1848.

Happy Birthday, Sam Steele.

Murray Cayley wishes to thank Sim Salata, former director/curator of the Orillia Museum of Art & History, for assistance with this article, as well as Bruce Pearson, who hosted the 2000 Strathcona parade and display at his farm in Coldwater, Ontario.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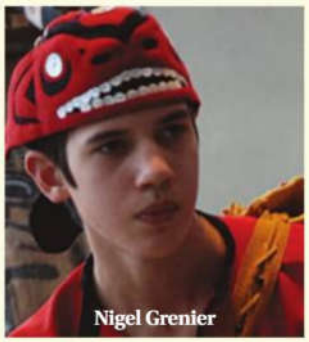
Winning words

Two aspiring writers earn top prize in the Canadian Aboriginal Youth Writing Challenge.

One story is a searing look at race, identity, and the repercussions of non-native interventions in aboriginal families throughout the past century.

The other is a haunting, modern-day reflection on the creation mythology of the Gitksan people.

These two tales are the winning entries in the Dominion Institute's 2008 Canadian Aboriginal Youth Writing Challenge. Writers were asked to write a story about a defining moment from Canadian aboriginal history. This year, there were 200 entries from across Canada.


Nigel Grenier

Shaneen Robinson

The winner of the 14-to-18 age category this year is Nigel Grenier, 14, of North Vancouver, B.C., for his short story, "Unmasked."

"Unmasked" tells the tale of Logan, a University of British Columbia climatologist who makes a surprising discovery while drilling ice cores in the Skeena region of British Columbia. Through a series of vivid dreams, Logan comes to learn more about his unique find.

In the 19-to-29 age category, Shaneen Robinson, 28, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, captured top prize for her screenplay, "Notay Kiskintamowin — Wanting to Know."

Robinson offers an unflinching look at the lives of a pair of aboriginal women — Della-Rose, a 40-something urbanite who was adopted as a child by a well-off white couple from Guelph, Ontario; and Pixie, a single mom struggling to raise her daughter while coping with alcoholism and drug addiction. The women's lives intersect during a trip to Norway House, Manitoba; the journey will forever change both their lives.

Judges for this year's competition were: Patrick Brazeau, chief of the Congress of Aboriginal Peoples; actress Tantoo Cardinal; writers Tomson Highway, Brian Maracle, Lee Maracle, Rachel Qitsualik, and Drew Hayden Taylor; Mary Simon, president of Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami; and Tresley Tourond-Bouvier, chair of the Métis National Youth Advisory Council.

The judges praised both winners for the emotional resonance of their stories.

The contest is sponsored by Enbridge Inc., Office of Literacy and Essential Skills, Department of Indian and Northern Affairs, Canada Council for the Arts, RBC Financial Group, *The Beaver* Magazine, and Canadian Learning Television.

Unmasked

By Nigel Grenier, age 14, Gitwangak Aboriginal Community, British Columbia

Logan peered over the sheer edge of the cliff and at the river of mist drifting through the valley below. The rising sun made the glacier behind him blindingly bright. The sun broke through the mist, forming a pair of rainbows which arched across the glowing horizon over seven rocky peaks.

A crunch below Logan's feet broke the serene moment. The melting snow gave way beneath him and he hurtled down a seemingly bottomless chasm of ice. As his safety rope tightened, Logan slowed to a halt twenty feet down the crevasse. The gasp he let out was not because of the fall. Through the ice stared a pair of inhuman eyes.

They were thin circlets imbedded in a shard of weathered wood. Brilliant blue with turquoise ripples, their long sleep in the ice hadn't taken the shine out of them. Carefully, Logan slipped the wooden piece, along with other fragments found in the surrounding ice, into a labelled bag. Then, he embarked on the long drive home.

At midnight, under a starless sky, Logan pulled into the parking lot of a rundown inn. The reception desk was empty but the door was unlocked. Logan could pay in the morning. He pulled the frayed edge of the bedcovers over his head and instantly fell asleep.

When Logan woke up, he was in a river of mist. He heard a woman's voice.

"Damelahamid became such a huge city that people did not know their neighbours. The people became very confident again. All of a sudden it started to rain and the shores of the water changed. The people remembered the instructions that Simoiget Dam Laha, our Father in Heaven, had given to them. They had one Gilhast, the first totem pole of the Gitksan people. They cut it down and fortified their longhouses, their Dahks, with it. They anchored them with ropes of hide and roots and barks of trees. The people became afraid and then a stranger appeared amongst them."

When Logan woke up the next morning, the weather was fierce and a savage wind whipped his light hair across his face and into his blue eyes. The radio called it the worst rainstorm in years.

Sometime later, he arrived at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. A climatologist, he thought some of his archaeologist colleagues might be interested in what he had found while drilling ice cores in the glaciers of the Skeena River region. He handed the fragments to Jeremy, a young student in his twenties with dark hair and smooth features.

"These look like abalone, perfectly carved," said Jeremy. "If you hadn't found them in a glacier I'd say they were relatively new. Hmm, I'll see what I can do."

The heavy rain continued the next morning. Logan sloshed over a soggy lawn and stepped over the sandbags feebly guarding the UBC entrance. Jeremy was already at his desk.

"I got a good look at the fragments you showed me yesterday and they're definitely man-made. The wood has been carved and smoothed on one side. It's yellow cedar and there are traces of paint on several of the pieces. You should take them to the image recovery project at the Museum of Anthropology."

"Sure, thanks man," said Logan.

"Anytime," replied Jeremy, "Oh and there's something else; some of the pieces seem to fit together."

Several days later, when Logan was finally done all his testing on the ice core samples, the climatology results showed mass environmental disturbances at the time the fragments originated. He was confounded to find traces of pollen from all around the world frozen in the ice.

As for the fragments, they weren't fragments anymore. They had been unified into a single piece, carved into the shape of a face from long ago. A mask. Carbon-dated at over 3,000 years old!

Icy rain clawed at Logan's face as he ran across to the Museum of Anthropology and burst through the entrance. A security guard led him to an out-of-the-way door. Inside, he handed the mask over to a research staff member, who delicately placed it underneath an infrared lens.

A little later, Logan walked out of the image recovery room and into the great hall, examining the infrared picture of the mask. A rainbow crossed its forehead and raindrops ran down its cheeks. Or were they tears? The researcher had told him that it was painted with indigenous paints, black from charcoal, red with ochre, yellow extracted from wolf moss, blue from copper oxide, and green from copper oxide mixed with ammonia.

As he walked through the great hall, a familiar voice caught his attention. It spoke gently and clearly,

"And then a stranger appeared amongst them. He was called Waydetai because of his light hair and eyes. He brought provisions to the people in a bottomless box and told them not to run away. The waters had covered the surface of the earth. It is told that it was a whole year since it started to rain until, one day, the people observed that two rainbows appeared in the sky. As the rainbows touched the surface of the earth, the waters started to recede. Hagbegwatku's Dahk, the chief's Dahk, landed near Damelahamid. The second dahk landed on the coast. The third dahk broke loose in a storm; we have no idea where it went. It is said Waydetai, the stranger who brought provisions to the people, continued down the Skeena River to look for survivors."

Logan realized that it was the same voice that was in his dream. Amidst ancient totem poles and embodiments of timeless spirits, he walked into a crowded hall. He looked up from the picture in his hands to see the very same mask dancing before him.

Note: *This story was edited for length.*

Notay Kiskintamowin – Wanting to Know

By Shaneen Robinson, age 28, Cree and Gitxsan Nations, Winnipeg

CHARACTERS
DELLA-ROSE, 40-something adoptee who's just written her first play.
PIXIE, early-30s alcoholic and drug-addict who has just regained custody of her daughter.
DELAYNEE, Pixie's 10-year-old daughter with FASD

Act I, Scene 4, Greyhound bus from Winnipeg to Northern Manitoba

Voice-over of male bus driver. Good evening, my name is Dale and I'm your driver for this trip to Thompson… Please make yourself familiar with the emergency exits on either side of the bus… It'll be about 10-to-12 hours depending on the weather and road conditions.
(Della-Rose moves to the seat closest to a woman and her daughter and starts talking to the mother, Pixie… she extends her hand.)

Della-Rose. I didn't catch your name… I'm Della-Rose Miller.
(Pixie looks at her hand for a moment… then shakes it.)
Pixie. I'm Pixie.
Della Rose. Nice to meet you, Pixie.
(Pixie nods unappreciatively and gives a sarcastic, fake smile… she pulls a blanket out of her carry-on bag and covers herself and Delaynee and gives a pillow to Delaynee. Delaynee smiles and closes her eyes.)
Della-Rose. So, you're from Norway House?
Pixie. Yep.
Della-Rose. Were you just in Winnipeg for a visit?
(Pixie yawns and stretches her arms over her head.)
Pixie. Listen lady, I'm not really one for small talk… I just wanna sleep this hangover off okay?
Della-Rose. Oh… well it's just that I've never been there and I kinda wanted to learn a little about the place is all.
Pixie. What're you going there for?
(Pause. Della Rose shrugs her shoulders)
Della-Rose. I guess… I'm going to meet relatives.
Pixie. Oh yeah?
Della-Rose. Yeah.
Pixie. So what clan you from?
Della-Rose. Clan? What do you mean… like what tribe?
(Pixie whips her head back, she laughs so hard… Della-Rose has a nervous chuckle, she's embarrassed.)
Della-Rose. Whaaaat? I don't know… what do you mean what clan am I from?
Pixie. I mean, like, who's your family? Not what Nation…everyone from Norway House is Cree… *(chuckles)* like, are you a Muswagon (Muss-Wagon), an Apetagon (Appa-Tay-Gun), a Paupanekis (Pop-panna-gus)… who's your granny?
Della-Rose. Oh, I see… well… I don't exactly know anyone from there yet… I'm just gonna kinda show up.
Pixie. Well, you have to know someone… then why the hell you going?
Della-Rose. I just… I want to see where I was born… and I was told Norway House was the place.
Pixie. Were you adopted or sumthin?
Della-Rose. Yeah.
Pixie. Where'd you grow up?
Della-Rose. Guelph, Ontario.
Pixie. Guelph, eh? …Any other Neechis around there?
Della-Rose. Neechis?
(Pixie chuckles…)
Pixie. Guess not.
Della-Rose. You mean like Aboriginal people?
Pixie. Yeah… Aboriginal people. (She snickers.)
Della-Rose. No, not really… I met a couple of Mohawks when my family drove through Caledonia when I was a kid.
Pixie. Are you serious?
Della-Rose. I mean I've watched a lot of Indian movies and stuff… I watch APTN sometimes. Dances with Wolves is one of my favorite movies.
Pixie. Mmm-hmm (sarcastically).
Della-Rose. I didn't know I was Native until about 15 years ago… I thought I was Mexican.
Pixie. Mexican? You can tell you're a neech from a mile away… why the hell would you think you were Mexican?
Della-Rose. Well, I found out I was adopted and that I was born in Manitoba when I was about 13. My older sister Bonnie came to Winnipeg for a symphony performance and when she came home she said there were a whole bunch of Mexicans in Winnipeg, and that I looked like them. So I just assumed I was Mexican.
(Pixie bursts out laughing…)
Pixie. Well, trade in the tortillas for bannock baby, cause you ain't a Mexican, you's an Indian!

Note: *This scene was excerpted from the original screenplay.*
Read complete versions of the winning entries at The Beaver.ca

Album

Joan Best is the granddaughter of Mrs. A. J. Clarke and resides in Kamloops, British Columbia.

Fruits of their labour

Mr. Pridham, believed to be the gentleman shown at the far right of the picture, owned an orchard in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia. This photograph, taken about 1915, shows a bevy of women picking ripe fall apples. Standing on the ground, second from the left, is Joan Best's maternal grandmother, Mrs. A. J. Clarke, whose family had emigrated from England in 1904. Apple growing in the area was first credited to Father Pandosy, an Oblate priest, who planted fruit trees in 1859 for use by his mission. However, the apple industry did not arrive until over thirty years later, when the Shuswap and Okanagan (S & O) Railway's arrival made fruit farming more commercially viable. From then on, many cattle farms were converted for fruit growing.

The ladders in this photo look somewhat precarious, but judging by the wooden boxes in the foreground the crop — most likely McIntosh or Jonathan apples — was good. As of 1910, it was necessary to take a two-week course — at a cost of one dollar — in order to be employed in an orchard. At the Government Fruit Packing School, students learned how to grade and pack apples. This labour was all done by hand. The workers are all wearing hats to protect them from the hot sun, and some of the ladies are garbed in a more practical garment for the job — overalls.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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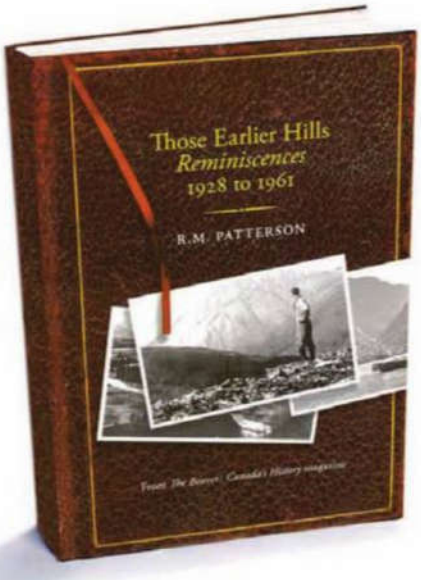

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by R.M. Patterson
R.M. Patterson's books have been kept in print because his memorable descriptions of Canada's wild places, especially the remote Nahanni country, won him generations of admiring readers around the world. *Those Earlier Hills* now presents the articles he wrote for *The Beaver: Canada's History Magazine*, in a lively and evocative collection that will delight Patterson fans old and new. **Price: $24.95**

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by Gina McMurchy-Barber
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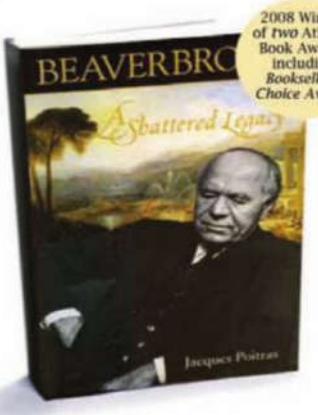

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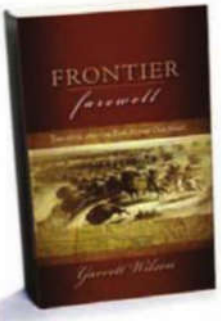

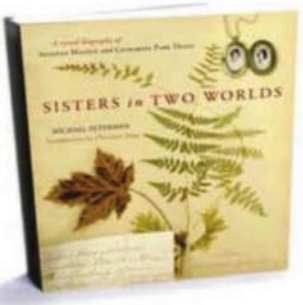

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by Jacques Poitras
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